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IZE SELECTIONS

AR QUOTATIONS FROM

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS

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MISS ELSIE POMEROY

KEY TO QUOTATIONS.

1 John Gay.	The Shepherd and the Philosopher.
2 W. H. Venable.	Dedication to Melodies of the Heart.
3 Alfred Tennyson.	The Princess.
4 Samuel Butler.	Satire on Plagiaries.
5 Austin Dobson.	Postscriptum to the Ballad of Imitation.
6 George Herbert.	The Church Porch.
7 Henry Abbey.	A Morning Pastoral.
8 Richard Watson Gilder.	The Sonnet. — Poet and His Master.
9 Isabelle Craig Knox.	Ode on the Centenary of Burns.
10 Helen Hunt Jackson.	To O. W. Holmes on His 70th Birthday.
11 Louise Imogen Guiney.	Brother Bartholemew.
12 Ina D. Coolbrith.	The Poet.
13 Elizabeth Oakes Smith.	Poesy.
14 William Gifford.	The Baviad.
15 Chauncey Hare Townshend.	On Poetry.
16 Amy Levy.	A Minor Poet.
17 Arthur O'Shaugnessy.	Song of a Fellow Worker.
18 E. Norman Gunnison.	Broken Strings.
19 James Thomson.	Shelley. A Poem.
20 Chas. H. Noyes.	The Prodigal to the Earth.
21 Richard Gifford.	Contemplation.
22 Anna C. Lynch Botta.	'Thoughts in a Library.
23 Henry Niles Pierce.	Beauty Born of Sorrow.
24 Mary Chamberlain Wyeth. (Ethel Gray.)	The Poet's Crown.
25 Philip J. Bailey.	Proem to Festus.
26 Carl Spencer.	Half-heard.
27 W. F. Fox.	Our Sweet Unexpressed.
28 Jean Ingelow.	Afternoon at a Parsonage.
29 Lord Byron.	Manfred.
30 Edgar Allen Poe.	For Annie.
31 David A. Wasson.	Seen and Unseen.
32 Adeline D. T. Whitney.	Twofold.
33 Bayard Taylor.	Metempsychosis of the Pine.
34 Percy Bysshe Shelley.	To a Skylark.
35 Robert Southey.	The Library.
36 J. Stanyan Bigg.	Night and the Soul.
37 William Cowper.	Alexander Selkirk.
38 John Stuart Blackie.	Anaxagoras.
39 William Wordsworth.	To a Child. Lines written in an Album.
40 Robert Browning.	Pippa Passes.
41 Henry W. Longfellow.	The Ladder of St. Augustine.
42 Catherine Talbot.	The Importance of Early Rising.
43 Robert Herrick.	Upon the Bishop of Lincoln's Imprisonment.
44 James Shirley.	The Traitor.
45 May Riley Smith.	If We Knew.
46 Christina G. Rossetti.	Golden Silences.

47	Mollie E. Moore Davis.	Going Out and Coming In.
48	Ellen Sturgis Hooper.	Life, a Duty. (Borrowed from Isabelle Craig Knox.)
49	George Howland.	Fading.
50	Newman Hall.	Life is Wasted.
51	Albert Loughton.	The Mystery.
52	Alice Williams Brotherton.	The Falling Star.
53	Nora Perry.	Unattained.
54	Caroline A. Mason.	Be Like the Sun.
55	Eugene Lee Hamilton.	The Phantom Ship.
56	Frances Sargent Osgood.	Laborare est orare.
57	Robert Southwell.	Times go by Turns.
58	Thomas W. Handford.	Work is Worship.
59	John Sullivan Dwight.	True Rest.
60	Samuel Johnson.	Winter, an Ode.
61	Hannah K. Hudson.	A Poem.
62	Abraham Cowley.	Dauides.
63	Anson G. Chester.	The Tapestry Weavers.
64	John Barbour.	Bruce's Apostrophe to Freedom.
65	Charlotte Fiske Bates.	Satisfied.
66	Henry W. Longfellow.	Autumn.
67	Samuel Lanman Blanchard.	Hidden Joy.
68	George Eliot.	The Spanish Gypsy.
69	Erastus W. Ellsworth.	What is the Use.
70	William Shurtleff.	The Way.
71	Christopher Pearse Cranch.	Old and Young.
72	E. H. Plumptre (Rev.)	A Plaster Cast from Pompeii.
73	Duncan McGregor.	Clouds and Sunshine.
74	Ella Wheeler Wilcox.	The Fault of the Age.
75	John Skinner.	A Song on the Times.
76	Anna Letitia Barbauld.	Ye are the Salt of the Earth.
77	Horatius Bonar.	The Master's Touch.
78	Richard Realf.	Indirection.
79	Frank M. Imbrie.	Blending.
80	Charles Mackay.	Clear the Way.
81	Charles DeKay.	Hesperus.
82	Frederick W. Faber.	The Right must Win.
83	Alexander Smith.	Sonnet. I cannot deem why Men toil so for Fame.
84	Edward Young.	Night Thoughts.
85	James Dodds.	Sonnet. Craigcrook.
86	Ralph Waldo Emerson.	Each and All.
87	Lucy Larcom.	Shared.
88	William Shakespeare.	Hamlet.
89	Benjamin Stillingleet.	Essay on Conversation, Courtesy.
90	Arthur Murphy.	Zenobia.
91	Park Benjamin.	Press on.
92	Dr. John Brown.	Barbarossa.
93	Ethel Lynn Beers.	A Little While.
94	S. P. Putnam.	Prometheus.
95	Clara Jessop Moore.	The Web of Life.
96	Charlotte Smith.	Elgiac Sonnets. The Close of Spring.
97	John Norris.	The Parting.

98	Chas. Tennyson Turner.	Silkworms and Spiders.
99	Henry Delaune.	Epigram.
100	George W. Bethune.	Live to do Good.
101	Philip Doddridge.	Epigram on His Family Arms.
102	Mark Akenside.	Hymn to Science.
103	Richard Chenevix Trench.	Retribution.
104	Charlotte Brontë.	The Teacher's Monologue.
105	Joaquin Miller.	Down into the Dust.
106	Samuel Miller Hageman.	Silence.
107	A. A. Hopkins.	L'Envoi to Waifs and Their Authors.
108	Philip Garth.	Change.
109	Richard Moncton Milnes. (Lord Houghton.)	Pleasure and Pain.
110	M. G. Brainard.	Music.
111	Henry A. Beers.	Carcamon.
112	William Alexander.	Waves and Leaves.
113	Robert Nugent (Earl Nugent).	Ode to William Puttenary.
114	Edna Dean Proctor.	Our Heroes.
115	Samuel William Partridge.	Not to Myself Alone.
116	Rachel Pomeroy.	God's Acre.
117	Cradock Newton.	Wonderland.
118	Chidiack Tychborn.	Verses written by one in the Tower being young yet condemned to die.
119	Sir John Denham.	Cooper's Hill.
120	Samuel Miller Waring.	Plead Thou My Cause.
121	Robert T. Conrad.	The Pride of Worth.
122	Alison Rutherford Cockburn.	The Flowers of the Forest.
123	Charles Fenno Hoffman.	The Blighted Heart.
124	Mary Woolsey Howland.	Requiescam.
125	George William Curtis.	Major and Minor.
126	Harriet Winslow Sewall.	Why Thus Longing.
127	Elenora Louisa Hervey.	Be Still, be Still, poor Human Heart.
128	James Beattie.	The Minstrel.
129	F. B. Sanborn.	Anathemata.
130	Thomas Percy.	The Friar of Orders Gray.
131	Henry Kirke White.	To an Early Primrose.
132	Sarah J. Lippincott. (Grace Greenwood.)	The Poet of To-Day.
133	Sarah K. Bolton.	Paddle Your Own Canoe.
134	Cornelius George Fenner.	Gulf Weed.
135	Harriet Martineau.	Song for August.
136	Michael Wigglesworth.	Meat out of the Eater.
137	Stephen Henry Thayer.	At Length.
138	James K. Lombard.	Not as though I had already Attained.
139	Mrs. Louisa S. McCord.	Caius Gracchus.
140	James Ballantyne.	Ilka Blade o' Grass Keps its ain Drap o' Dew.
141	G. Linnaus Banks.	What I Live for.
142	Evangeline M. Johnson.	For My Sake.
143	Hiram Rich.	In the Sea.
144	Paul Pastnor.	God's Will and Mine.
145	Andrews Norton.	The Close of the Year.
146	Martin Farquhar Tupper.	Proverbial Philosophy.
147	Eliza Cook.	The World.

148	Harriet W. Preston.	The Survivors.
149	Clinton Scollard.	Snowflake in May.
150	George Peele.	Sonnet. Polyhymnia.
151	John Mason.	Song of Praise for the Evening.
152	Simon Wastell.	Man's Mortality.
153	John Dyer.	Grongor Hill.
154	Bishop Henshaw.	Horæ Succisivæ.
155	James Merrick.	The Wish.
156	Robert Dodsley.	Song.
157	Henry King.	Life. A Dirge.
158	Benjamin F. Taylor.	Isle of Long Ago.
159	Bryan Waller Procter. (Barry Cornwall.)	Life.
160	Jane Welsh Carlyle.	Hope.
161	Minot J. Savage.	The Mystic Hope.
162	Charles Warren Stoddard.	A Rhyme of Life.
163	Henry Neele.	Moan, Moan, ye dying Gales.
164	Frederick Locker.	Bramble-Rise.
165	Lord Francis Bacon.	The World.
166	John Quincy Adams.	The Hour-glass.
167	Philip Freneau.	The Wild Honeysuckle.
168	Charles Sprague.	To My Cigar.
169	John Godfrey Saxe.	Life's Story.
170	George D. Prentice.	The Closing Year.
171	Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges.	On the Death of Sir Walter Scott.
172	Samuel Garth.	The Dispensary.
173	Robert Blair.	Death of the Strong Man.
174	George Darley.	Ethelstan.
175	J. L. McCreery.	There is no Death.
176	Frederick Tennyson.	The Golden City.
177	Henry Luttrell.	Death.
178	Michael J. Barry.	The Place to Die.
179	Thomas Bailey Aldrich.	An Untimely Thought.
180	Theodore Tilton.	In God's Acre.
181	William Henry Furness.	She is not Dead, but Sleepeth.
182	R. R. Bowker.	Life.
183	William Cullen Bryant.	The Flood of Years.
184	Col. John A. Joyce.	Unknown.
185	E. H. Parker.	On Burial of Garfield.
186	Mary Mapes Dodge.	The Two Mysteries.
187	Mary E. Brooks.	Weep not for the Dead.
188	Charles Dickens.	Old Curiosity Shop.
189	Kate B. W. Barnes.	The Departed.
190	Rose H. Thorpe.	Waiting.
191	Nancy A. W. Priest Wakefield.	Over the River.
192	Mrs. S. T. Perry.	Are all the Children in?
193	Dinah Mulock Craik.	The Three Meetings.
194	Sir John Bowring.	God and Heaven.
195	William H. Burleigh.	Requiem.
196	Elizabeth Akers Allen	The City of the Living.
197	Robert Buchanan.	Poet Andrew.
198	William Morris.	The Earthly Paradise.
199	Frank Lee Benedict.	In Memoriam.

200	Harriet Beecher Stowe.	Only a Year.
201	Henry Burton.	The Stars and Everywhere.
202	William D. Gallagher.	Miami Words.
203	Hartley Coleridge.	Dedication from His Commonplace Book.
204	Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.	A Butterfly on a Child's Grave.
205	James Montgomery.	Parted Friends.
206	Kate Seymour McLean.	The Silent Land.
207	Thomas Tickell.	Colin and Lucy.
208	Dr. John Arbuthnot.	Know Thyself.
209	James G. Clarke.	The Mountains of Life.
210	Dora Reed Goodale.	Ripe Grain.
211	Ellice Hopkins.	The Two Worlds.
212	Richard Harris Barham.	Song.
213	Joseph Addison.	Cato.
214	William Roscoe.	To my Books.
215	William Somerville.	The Chase.
216	John Vance Cheney.	The Sleep of Years.
217	Richard Henry Dana.	The Husband and Wife's Grave.
218	Ophelia G. Browning.	Amen.
219	John A. Symonds.	Sonnet on the Thought of Death.
220	Thomas Aird.	The Devil's Dream on Mt. Aksbeck.
221	Anna Katherine Green.	Paul Isham.
222	Charlotte Elliott.	Just as I am.
223	Rev. R. S. Cook.	Just as Thou art.
224	John Henry Newman.	The Pillar of the Cloud.
225	Catsby Paget.	Hymn.
226	Frederick W. H. Myers.	A Last Appeal.
227	Henry F. Lyte.	Abide with Me.
228	John Berridge.	Jesus, cast a Look on Me.
229	John White Chadwick.	One with Thee.
230	Henry Bateman.	God's Mercy in the Gospel.
231	Jane Crewdson.	Lays of the Reformation.
232	Joseph Hart.	The Paradox.
233	Theodore Parker.	The Way, the Truth and the Life.
234	James Hervey.	Paraphrased from Juvenal.
235	Augusta L. Hillhouse.	The Joy unknown.
236	Bishop Thomas Ken.	Evening.
237	Caroline Sprague Smith.	The old Man's Prayer.
238	Nahum Tate.	The Birth of Christ.
239	Francis Quarles.	Delight in God only.
240	Edward Perronet.	Coronation.
241	Charles Wesley.	Jesus, Lover of My Soul.
242	Augustus Montague Toplady	Rock of Ages.
243	Harriet McEwen Kimball.	All's Well.
244	Mary C. Hume.	Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.
245	Arthur Cleveland Coxe.	Christmas Carol.
246	Mrs. Emma C. Willard.	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
247	Bishop Richard Mant.	A Drop of Water.
248	Thomas Miller.	Evening Song.
249	Marie B. Williams.	The first Violet.
250	William Ellery Channing.	A Poet's Hope.
251	William Hayley.	The departing Swallows.

252	Robert K. Weeks.	A Change.
253	Edward Rowland Sill.	The dead President.
254	Willis Gaylord Clarke.	An Invitation.
255	Rev. William Augustus Muhlenburg.	I would not live Alway.
256	Ray Palmer.	My Faith looks up to Thee.
257	William Henry Hurlburt.	Faith.
258	Charles F. Richardson.	The Deliverance of Leyden.
259	Henry Ames Blood.	Pro Mortuis.
260	William Dunbar.	The Merle and the Nightingale.
261	Alice Bradley Neal.	Daybreak.
262	Thomas Kelly.	We Sing the Praise of Him who Died.
263	Thomas K. Hervey.	To One departed.
264	W. T. Moncrieff.	Love's Follies.
265	William Black.	At Nonnenwerth.
266	John Keble.	Second Sunday after Easter.
267	Samuel Carter Hall.	Nature's Creed.
268	Right Rev. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth.	Sunday.
269	James Grahame.	The Sabbath.
270	Josiah Gilbert Holland.	Bitter-sweet. First Movement.
271	Richard Crashaw.	Divine Epigrams.
272	George P. Morris.	My Mother's Bible.
273	Charles Dibdin.	Poor Jack.
274	Isaac Bickerstaff.	Love in a Village.
275	Paul Moon James.	The Beacon.
276	William Henry Whitworth.	Time and Death.
277	Philip Bourke Marston.	In Extremis.
278	Andrew James Symington.	Nature's Voices.
279	John Armstrong.	Art of Preserving Health.
280	James Russell Lowell.	The Cathedral.
281	Hannah More.	Faith.
282	Elizabeth Barrett Browning.	The Sleep.
283	Samuel Daniel.	Sonnets. To Delia.
284	Sir Thomas Browne.	Religio Medici.
285	John Wolcott.	To Sleep.
286	Sir Philip Sidney.	Sonnet. On Sleep.
287	John Trumbull.	Ode to Sleep.
288	Robert Morris.	Sleep.
289	John Neal.	Music of the Night.
290	Joseph Blanco White.	Sonnet on Night.
291	Sumner Lincoln Fairfield.	An Evening Song of Piedmont.
292	Thomas Cole.	Twilight.
293	John Milton.	Paradise Lost.
294	John Keats.	Grasshopper and Cricket.
295	James Grainger.	Ode to Solitude.
296	Elizabeth F. Lorrain Swift.	Moonlight Upon the Hills.
297	James Sheridan Knowles.	William Tell.
298	Wm. Bourne Oliver Peabody.	Hymn of Nature.
299	Elizabeth A. Starr.	In the Timber.
300	W. Wilsey Martin.	Quatrains in By The Solent and Danube.
301	Augustus Mendon Lord.	Winnepesaukee.
302	Edith M. Thomas.	Nature.

303	Elvira Sydnoe Miller.	A Selfish Singer.
304	Egbert Phelps.	Life's Incongruities.
305	H. H. Boyesen.	Evolution.
306	Charlotte Young.	Evening.
307	Paul H. Hayne.	Harvest-time.
308	David Vedder.	The Temple of Nature.
309	George Wither.	The Steadfast Shepherd.
310	Lewis Morris.	Songs unsung.
311	Felicia Hemans.	The Treasures of the Deep.
312	Joanna Baillie.	The Fisherman's Song.
313	Oscar Wilde.	Impression du Matin.
314	Walter Savage Landor.	Gebir.
315	John Todhunter.	First Spring Day.
316	Amelia B. Welby.	To a Sea Shell.
317	Thomas Lake Harris.	Farewell to Summer.
318	Joseph Edwards Carpenter.	What are the wild Waves saying ?
319	Rossiter W. Raymond.	Song of the Sea by the Royal Garden at Naples.
320	Sidney Lanier.	Hymns of the Marshes.
321	Robert Bloomfield.	May Day with the Muses.
322	John Sterling.	Dædalus.
323	Theophile Marzials.	Carpe Diem.
324	Sarah F. Davis.	Summer Song.
325	Charles Jeffreys.	Mary of Argyle.
326	Allan Cunningham.	The Spring of the Year.
327	Mrs. L. M. Blinn.	Little Mary's Wish.
328	Denis Florence McCarthy.	Summer Longings.
329	Isaak Walton.	The Angler's Wish.
330	Thomas Tod Stoddard.	The Angler's trysting Tree.
331	William Cox Bennett.	Spring Songs.
332	Minna Caroline Smith.	June.
333	Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa)	Ode to Spring.
334	Richard Barnfield.	The Nightingale.
335	Edward Youl.	Song of Spring.
336	John Clare.	July.
337	Thomas W. Parsons.	A Song for September.
338	John Logan (claimed by some critics as the production of Michael Bruce)	Ode to the Cuckoo.
339	Byron Forceythe Willson.	Autumn Song.
340	John Phillips.	Cider.
341	Frances Anne Kemble.	Sonnets.
342	Samuel Longfellow.	November.
343	Elaine Goodale.	Indian Pipe.
344	William Allingham.	Frost in the Holidays.
345	Dr. Samuel Howard.	Song.
346	Alexander Wilson.	The Bluebird.
347	James Hogg.	The Skylark.
348	R. D. Blackmore.	A Harvest Song.
349	Sarah Roberts.	The Voice of the Grass.
350	W. W. Fosdick.	The Maize.
351	M. M. Ballou.	Flowers.

352	Robert Nicolls.	Wild Flowers.
353	Eliza O. Pierson.	Mignonette.
354	Annie D. Green.	The Puritan Lovers.
355	Caroline Bowles Southey.	Autumn Flowers.
356	Jones Very.	To the painted Columbine.
357	Isaac Watts.	The Rose.
358	Mary B. Dodge.	Lily of Lilies.
359	Robert Tannahill.	The Midge's Dance aboon the Burn.
360	John Brady.	Clavis Calendara.
361	Horace Smith.	Hymn to the Flowers.
362	John Home.	Douglas.
363	Wm. Pitt Palmer.	Lines to a Chrysalis.
364	Margaret J. Preston.	The Royal Abbess.
365	Will Carleton.	The Mortgage on the Farm.
366	George P. Beard.	The Farmer's Life.
367	Lady Caroline Nairne.	The Ploughman.
368	Julia Ward Howe.	Battle Hymn of the Republic.
369	Alfred Austin.	Grandmother's Teaching.
370	Frances Ridley Havergal.	Bells Across the Snow.
371	Samuel Francis Smith.	National Hymn.
372	Wallace Bruce.	The old Homestead.
373	Mrs. Mary E. Foxwell.	Reckoning with the Old Year.
374	Robert Treat Paine.	Adams and Liberty.
375	John James Piatt.	The Two Years.
376	Timothy Dwight.	Columbia.
377	Joseph Rodman Drake.	The American Flag.
378	William Habington.	Night.
379	Francis Scott Key.	The Star Spangled Banner.
380	Henry Brooke.	Gustavus Vasa.
381	Francis Davis.	Wishes and Wishes.
382	Tobias Smollett.	Independence.
383	John Esten Cooke.	The Band in the Pines.
384	G. W. Patten.	The Seminole's Reply.
385	James Gates Percival.	Polish War Song.
386	Samuel P. Merrill.	Dirge for a Soldier.
387	Rev. Charles Wolfe.	Burial of Sir John Moore.
388	William Collins.	The Death of the Brave.
389	Francis M. Finch.	Nathan Hale.
390	Henry Timrod.	Decoration Ode.
391	Samuel Ferguson.	The Forging of the Anchor.
392	Theodore O'Hara.	The Bivouac of the Dead.
393	Thomas Buchanan Read.	The Brave at Home.
394	Alice Cary.	The Measure of Time.
395	George Henry Boker.	Dirge for a Soldier.
396	Wilfred Scawen Blunt.	The Wind and the Whirlwind.
397	John G. Lockhart.	Broadswords of Scotland.
398	Isaac McLellan.	New England's Dead.
399	Thomas Babington Macaulay.	Horatius.
400	Alexander Hill Everett.	The Young American.
401	William Aytoun.	Burial March of Dundee.
402	John Kenyon.	Upper Austria.
403	Washington Allston.	America to Great Britain.

404	Mrs. Helen L. Bostwick.	Drafted.
405	Maria Jane Jewsbury.	The Flight of Xerxes.
406	Franklin Lushington.	No More Words.
407	William Maginn.	I gave my Soldier Boy a Blade.
408	Thomas Furlong.	The Plagues of Ireland.
409	Edward Everett Hale.	New England's Chevy-Chase.
410	Virginia L. French.	The Palmetto and the Pine.
411	Laura C. Redden (Howard Glyndon).	Mazzini.
412	Joseph O'Connor.	The Hopes of Man.
413	Bartholomew Dowling.	The Battle at Fontenoy. 1745.
414	Richard Grant White.	Washington.
415	Emma Lazarus.	Sunrise.
416	George Walter Thornbury.	The three Troopers.
417	Lucius Harward Foote.	Red Letter Days.
418	Mary Lamb.	Choosing the Name.
419	Matthias Barr.	Only a Baby Small.
420	Margaret Eytinge.	Baby Louise.
421	Francis T. Palgrave.	To a Child.
422	Charles M. Dickenson.	The Children.
423	William C. Richards.	Rosalie.
424	David Macbeth Moir.	Casa Waypy.
425	David Mallet.	William and Margaret.
426	Charles Doyne Sillery.	She died in Beauty.
427	John Pierpont.	My Child.
428	Gerald Massey.	The Ballad of Babe Christabel.
429	Samuel Hinds.	The sleeping Baby.
430	Daniel Webster.	Lines to a departed Son.
431	George S. Burleigh.	True Greatness.
432	Maria White Lowell.	The Morning Glory.
433	William Morley Punshon.	Trifles.
434	Robert Gilfilan.	The Exile's Song.
435	E. C. Lefroy.	Sonnets.
436	Alfred Bunn.	The Light of other Days.
437	Lucy Hooper.	The old Days we Remember.
438	William Motherwell.	Jeanie Morison.
439	Emily Leith.	Blowing Bubbles.
440	Edmund Clarence Stedman.	The Old Love and the New.
441	John Langhorne.	Elegy.
442	William Dean Howells.	Pleasure-pain.
443	Fitz-Green Halleck.	The World is Bright before Thee.
444	Epes Sargent.	The Days that are Past.
445	William B. Wright.	The Brook.
446	Bishop Beilby Porteus.	Death.
447	J. Hamilton Reynolds.	Charles Kemble.
448	Arthur J. Mundy.	Violet.
449	St. George Tucker.	Days of my Youth.
450	Mary Pyper.	Epitaph. A Life.
451	Susanna Blamire.	The Nabob.
452	Richard Henry Stoddard.	Never again.
453	Richard Coe.	Emblems.
454	Oliver Wendell Holmes.	The iron Gate.
455	Hester Lynch Salusbury Thrale Piozzi.	The three Warnings.

- 456 William Lamb (Viscount Melbourn). 'Tis Late and I must haste Away.
 457 Henry Hartshorne. A Bundle of Sonnets.
 458 Robert T. S. Lowell. The little Years.
 459 William Lisle Bowles. The Greenwood.
 460 William Enfield. Humility.
 461 Sir John Beaumont. To the Memory of Ferdinando P. Pulton.
 462 Richard Baxter. The Valediction.
 463 Thomas Campbell. Lines on leaving a Scene in Bavaria.
 464 Matthew Prior. An Ode. I am That I am.
 465 Joseph Hall. Anthem for the Cathedral of Exeter.
 466 Caleb C. Colton. Life.
 467 John Webster. Duchess of Malfy.
 468 Thomas Moore. This World is all a fleeting Show.
 469 Charles Kent. Dreamland.
 470 Sir Humphry Davy. Written after Recovery from dangerous Illness.
 471 Richard Savage. The Wanderer.
 472 Frederick West. Where are the Dead?
 473 Edmund Waller. Go, lovely Rose.
 474 Alexander Pope. Essay on Man.
 475 William R. Thayer (Paul Hermes). To Truth.
 476 Charles Mair. Tecumseh.
 477 Benjamin Franklin. Woman.
 478 Thomas Brown. The Changefulness of Woman.
 479 Sir George Etheredge. Love in a Tub.
 480 Julia C. R. Dorr. Twenty-one.
 481 William Havard. King Charles I.
 482 John Crowne. Thyestes.
 483 Bret Harte. Miss Blanche's Rose.
 484 George Gascoigne. The Vanity of the Beautiful.
 485 Edward Vere (Earl of Oxford). A Renunciation.
 486 Sir Henry Taylor. Philip Van Arteveld.
 487 Will S. Hayes. The new Magdalen.
 488 Thomas D'Urfey. Still Water. The Comical History of Don Quixote.
 489 Kate Field. Forty to Twenty.
 490 Geoffrey Chaucer. The Praise of Women.
 491 Sarah C. Woolsey (Susan Coolidge). My Rights.
 492 Edward Brooks. Be a Woman.
 493 H. H. Johnson. Woman's Mission.
 494 Caroline Gilman. The household Woman.
 495 Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. A Woman's Mood.
 496 B. E. Wolf. What is Woman?
 497 Robert C. Sands. Yamoyden.
 498 Sarah Josepha Hale. Empire of Woman.
 499 Estelle Anna Lewis. Child of the Sea.
 500 George Crabbe. Woman.
 501 Florence Peacock. After the Fall of Troy.
 502 James Whyte. Simile.
 503 Henry Carey (sometimes attributed to Henry Fielding). The Contrivances.

KEY TO QUOTATIONS.

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504	Mary J. Lathrop.	A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.
505	Eaton S. Barrett.	Woman.
506	David Garrick.	Advice to Wives.
507	William Ross Wallace.	The Hand that rocks the World.
508	Adelaide Anne Proctor.	A Woman's Question.
509	Mary S. B. Dana.	Passing under the Rod.
510	Joseph Brennan.	The Exile to his Wife.
511	David Ross Locke (P. V. Nasby).	Hannah Jane.
512	Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.	The Patriot's Bride.
513	Sir Thomas Overbury.	A Wife.
514	Charles Robert Maturin.	Bartram.
515	Edward Moore.	The happy Marriage.
516	Lindley Murray.	To my Wife.
517	Charles Kingsley.	Dolcino to Margaret.
518	John Tobin.	The Honeymoon.
519	Thomas Flatman.	On Marriage.
520	Nathaniel Cotton.	The Fireside.
521	Thomas Haynes Bayly.	To my Wife.
522	Peter A. Motteux.	A Roundelay.
523	Margaret Fuller Ossoli.	The Sacred Marriage.
524	Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.	Till Death us Join.
525	Sir John Davies.	Contention between a Wife, etc.
526	Margaret E. Sangster.	Our Own.
527	William Whitehead.	Variety.
528	Thomas Southerne.	Oroonoko.
529	Elizabeth Charles.	A Marriage Hymn.
530	Augustine J. H. Duganne.	Castle Building.
531	Henry T. Tuckerman.	Love and Fame.
532	John Howard Payne.	Home, Sweet Home.
533	John G. C. Brainerd.	Epithalamium.
534	James Graham (Marquis of Montrose).	My dear and only Love.
535	Reginald Heber.	Sympathy.
536	Thomas K. Hervey.	Love.
537	Matthew Arnold.	Excuse.
538	Joseph Noel Patton.	Song.
539	Mary Anne Browne.	Kindred Spirits.
540	Dion Bouicault.	Led Astray.
541	William Cleaver Wilkinson.	When the Brook and River meet.
542	Julia Pardoe.	The captive Greek Girl.
543	Amanda T. Jones.	We Twain.
544	Francis Davison.	Poetical Rhapsody.
545	Sarah Fuller Flower Adams.	Hymn in Vivian Perpetua.
546	George Linley.	Song. 'Though lost to Sight, etc.
547	Thomas Bailey Aldrich.	Palabras Carinosas.
548	Mary E. Blake.	Till To-morrow.
549	Robert Burns.	Æ fond Kiss before we Part.
550	Frederick J. Fargus (Hugh Conway).	Asunder.
551	Mrs. Julia Crawford.	We parted in Silence.
552	Samuel Taylor Coleridge.	Christabel.
553	Louise Chandler Moulton.	Alone by the Bay.

554	Francis William Bourdillon.	Light.
555	Coventry Patmore.	Parting.
556	Arthur Hugh Clough.	Qua Cursum Ventus.
557	Hester A. Benedict.	Good-night.
558	Charles Gamage Eastman.	A Dirge.
559	Hattie Tyng Griswold.	Under the Daisies.
560	John Ruskin.	Agonia.
561	Benjamin Hathaway.	By the Fireside.
562	James Berry Bense.	Two.
563	Elizabeth Bogart.	He came too Late.
564	Algernon Charles Swinburne.	Fragoletta.
565	J. H. McNaughton.	Onnalinda.
566	Rose Terry Cooke.	Two.
567	Will Meredith Nicholson.	Faithless.
568	Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton.	Love not.
569	William Congreve.	The Way of the World.
570	John Wilmot (Earl of Rochester).	Constancy.
571	Sir Robert Aytoun.	Woman's Inconstancy.
572	Sir Charles Sedley.	Reasons for Constancy.
573	Lady Mary Wortley Montague.	Advice.
574	William B. Terrett.	Platonic.
575	Thomas Lodge.	Rosaline.
576	William Walsh.	Rivalry in Love.
577	John Oldmixon.	Song. I lately Vowed but 'twas in Haste.
578	Katherine Philips.	The Inquiry.
579	Sir John Suckling.	Constancy.
580	F. W. Hume.	My Lady Disdain.
581	John Boyle O'Reilly.	Introduction to the Temple of Friendship.
582	Eliza C. Hall.	An international Episode.
583	James Thomson.	The Lover's Fate.
584	Henry Constable.	Diaphenia.
585	Alexander MacLagan.	A Sister's Love.
586	Alexander Broome.	Why I love Her.
587	J. Augustus Wade.	Meet me by Moonlight.
588	Elizabeth Henry Miller.	Now and Ever.
589	James A. Noble.	The Pelican Papers.
590	Thomas Watson.	Sonnets.
591	Chas. Hanbury Williams	Dear Betty.
592	Thomas Middleton.	Happiness of married Life.
593	Robert Hegge.	On Love.
594	James Hedderrick.	Love.
595	Robert Greene.	Ah, what is Love?
596	Bernard Barton.	Not ours the Vows.
597	Lady Mary Wroth.	Song.
598	William Blake.	How sweet I roamed from Field to Field.
599	Mrs. Mary Blackford Tighe.	Psyche.
600	William Winter.	Love's Queen.
601	George Arnold.	Recrimination.
602	Marah Ellis Ryan.	Love's Birth.
603	Maurice Thompson.	Garden Statues. Eros.
604	Thomas Ragg.	Heber.

- 605 John Leyden.
 606 John Philip Varley.
 607 Thomas Stanley.
 608 Aubrey Thomas De Vere.
 609 William Gibson.
 610 Thomas Hood.
 611 Sidney H. Morse.
 612 James B. Kenyon.
 613 Dr. John Donne.
 614 Matthew Royden.
 615 James Clarence Mangan.
 616 Sidney Dobell.
 617 Charles Graham Halpine.
 618 Thomas Westwood.
 619 Robert Josselyn.
 620 Richard Allison.
 621 E. J. McPhelein.
 622 John Skelton.
 623 John Shaw.
 624 John Moultrie.
 625 George Meredith.
 626 W. Chamberlayne.
 627 Aaron Hill.
 628 James H. Perkins.
 629 Philip Pendleton Cooke.
 630 Barton Booth.
 631 J. Ashby-Sterry.
 632 Edward Coate Pinkney.
 633 Edward Bulwer-Lytton.
 634 Ben Johnson.
 635 Hector McNeill.
 636 Charles Lamb.
 637 Joel Chandler Harris.
 638 Thomas Heywood.
 639 Ellen P. Allerton.
 640 Henry Hart Milman.
 641 Lord Edward Thurlow.
 642 E. H. Burrington.
 643 Henry G. Bohn.
 644 William James Linton.
 645 Miss E. T. Clapp.
 646 Isabella F. Mayo (Edward
 Garrett).
 647 William W. Story.
 648 George Houghton.
 649 James A. Garfield.
 650 Samuel Stillman Conant.
 651 Francis DeHaes Sanvier.
 652 Frances Brown.
 653 W. W. Ellsworth.
 654 William Cleland.
 655 Charles Churchill.
- Ode to the evening Star.
 The Nature of Love.
 The Deposition.
 Song. Seek not the Tree of silkiest Bark.
 Hymn to Freya.
 Fair Inez.
 Sundered.
 My Lady.
 On the Death of Mistress Drury.
 An Elegy on a Friend's Passion for his
 Astrophel.
 And then no More.
 Balder.
 Janette's Hair.
 The proudest Lady.
 The young Widow.
 An Houre's Recreation in Musike.
 Her Majesty.
 Merry Margaret.
 Who has robbed the ocean Cave?
 Here's to Thee, my Scottish Lassie.
 Love in the Valley.
 Pharonnida.
 Modesty.
 The upright Soul.
 Florence Vane.
 Sweet are the Charms of her I Love.
 Number 1.
 A Health.
 The Language of the Eyes.
 The sweet Neglect.
 Mary of Castle Cary.
 Hester.
 Agnes.
 A Description of a most noble Lady.
 Beautiful Things.
 The Apollo Belvidere.
 Beauty.
 The Beautiful.
 Dictionary of Quotations.
 Real and True.
 The Future is better than the Past.
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 The three Singers.
 Courage.
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 The Voyage of Life.
 Losses.
 Nightfall.
 Hallo, my Fancie.
 Night, or On the Poverty of Poets.

- 656 Richard Hengist Horne. Solitude and the Lily.
 657 John Burroughs. Waiting.
 658 Thomas Love Peacock. Castles in the Air.
 659 Frederick H. Hedge. Questionings.
 660 John Ford. The Real and the Ideal.
 661 Minnie C. Ballard. Burnt Ships.
 662 Lady Emmeline Stuart Dreams.
 Wortley.
 663 George W. Bungay. Our Ships at Sea.
 664 Robert J. Burdette. When my Ship comes in.
 665 Robert Barry Coffin. Ships at Sea.
 666 Harriet Prescott Spofford. Left Ashore.
 667 Delle W. Norton. The missing Ship.
 668 George MacDonald. Song in Phantastes.
 669 Lilian Whiting. Two Points of View.
 670 L. S. Metcalf. Right and Wrong.
 671 Robert Edward Bulwer- Changes.
 Lytton.
 672 Helen Chase. Beating into the Harbor.
 673 FitzJames O'Brien. The lost Steamship.
 674 Mary A. Townsend. A Woman's Wish.
 675 May Riley Smith. If we knew.
 676 Letitia Elizabeth Lawdon. Lines of Life.
 677 Constance Fenimore Wool- Two Women.
 son.
 678 James Wallis Eastburn. To Pneuma.
 679 George R. Sims. Ostler Joe.
 680 Julian Hawthorne. Free Will.
 681 John Herman Merivale. Evil, be Thou My Good.
 682 James Ryder Randall. Maryland, My Maryland.
 683 A. Stephen Wilson. Crumbs of Verse.
 684 McDonald Clarke. The Rumhole.
 685 Rev. J. L. Wells: also attribu- Cranks of To-day.
 ted to Michael J. Fanning.
 686 John Sirmond; attributed aslo Causæ Bibendi.
 to Henry Aldrich.
 687 Samuel Woodworth. Old Oaken Bucket.
 688 William Allen Butler. The new Argonauts.
 689 George W. Young. The Lips that touch Liquor must never
 touch Mine.
 690 John W. Storrs. Only.
 691 Thomas Chatterton. A'ella.
 692 Thomas Gray. The Progress of Poesy.
 693 Ralph Hoyt. The World for Salt.
 694 Elizabeth Doten. Light, more Light.
 695 John Greenleaf Whittier. Mabel Martin.
 696 James Herbert Morse. The Lighthouse.
 697 Albert Pike. Every Year.
 698 Lucy Evelina Akerman. Nothing but Leaves.
 699 Richard Henry Wilde. My Life is like the summer Rose.
 700 Maria Gowen Brooks. Song from Zophiel.
 701 Mrs. John Hunter. The Lot of Thousands.
 702 William Gilmore Simms. The Lost Pleiad.

703	William Knox.	O, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?
704	Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.	Closing Chords.
705	A. Bronson Alcott.	Love's Morrow.
706	John Fletcher.	The Nice Valor.
707	Lucy White Jennison (Owen Innsley).	Bondage.
708	William R. Spencer.	Too Late I stayed.
709	William Makepeace Thackeray.	At the church Gate (from Pendennis).
710	Thomas Carlyle.	Adieu.
711	Henry D. Thoreau.	April Days.
712	Gerald Griffin.	To * * * * *
713	Celia Thaxter.	Wherefore?
714	Mary Frances Butts.	Why?
715	E. J. Pope.	The Building of the Ship.
716	Mrs. Charles Tinsley.	The new Order of Nobility
717	Mary Clemmer Hudson.	The Journalist.
718	Norman McLeod.	Courage.
719	Anna L. Waring.	Thy Will be Done.
720	Ann S. Stephens.	Dropping Leaves.
721	Mrs. J. M. Winton.	Better than Gold.
722	Henry S. Kent.	Questions.
723	Madge Morris Wagner.	The Golden Gate.
724	S. K. Phillips.	We Shall Be Satisfied
725	William Bell Scott	Rose Leaves.
726	Lewis J. Bates.	By and bye.
727	John Wilson.	The Evening Cloud.
728	William Legget (A Sacred Melody).	Meeting Above.
729	Abram J. Ryan.	Fragments from an epic Poem.
730	George Parsons Lathrop	Fairhaven Bay.
731	Dante Gabriel Rossetti.	A Last Confession.
732	Sallie Ada Vance.	Guard thine Action.
733	Mrs. Frances Macartney Greville.	A Prayer for Indifference.
734	Charles Swain.	Forgive and Forget.
735	Mrs. Jane C. Simpson.	Tedium Vitæ.
736	Lady Elizabeth Carew	Mariam.
737	M. H. Cobb.	The World would be the Better for it.
738	Mary Keely Boutelle.	Only a Word.
739	Major Calder Campbell.	Idle Words.
740	Thomas Noon Talfourd.	Ion.
741	Thomas Holcroft.	Gaffer Gray.
742	David Bates. Attributed also to G. W. Langford	Speak Gently.
743	John Sheffield (Duke of Buckinghamshire).	Essay on Poetry.
744	W. G. Wills.	Gratitude.
745	Henry Howard Brownell.	The Famine.
746	J. W. De Forest.	Quatrain.
747	Thomas Moss.	The Beggar.
748	Thomas Noel.	The Pauper's Drive.
749	Lady W. A. Wilde.	The Exodus.
750	Thomas Gibbons.	When Jesus dwelt.

751	Carlos Wilcox.	The Cure for Melancholy.
752	Agnes Mary Frances Robinson.	Prologue to the New Arcadia.
753	William M. Clark.	Song of the Winter Winds.
754	Mary Howitt (from Hans Andersen).	New Year's Eve.
755	Edwin Arnold.	The Three Roses.
756	Frederick Langbridge.	The Parson's Comforter.
757	James Whitcomb Riley	God Bless Us Every One.
758	Sir Walter Scott.	Marmion.
759	James T. Fields.	Courtesy.
760	David Gray.	Epitaph.
761	Helen Gray Cone.	A Nocturne of Rubenstein.
762	Edmund Gosse.	Verdleigh Coppice.
763	Evelyn Douglas.	The golden City.
764	Jane Taylor.	Life.
765	Robert Pollok.	The Course of Time.
766	Cosmo Monkhouse.	De Libris.
767	Andrew Lang.	Ballade of the Book-hunter.
768	William Watson.	Epigram.
769	Jonathan Swift.	Stella's Birthday.
770	George Colman.	My Muse and I.
771	George Otto Trevelyan.	The Owl's Song.
772	John Hookhand Frere.	Prospectus and Specimens of Intended National Work.
773	Charles Stuart Calverley.	Lovers and a Reflection.
774	Winthrop M. Praed.	Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine.
775	William B. Rhodes.	Bombastes Furioso.
776	Mark Lemon.	Old Time and I.
777	James Freeman Clarke, (after Goethe).	The Rule with no Exceptions.
778	Henry S. Leigh.	Rotten Row.
779	William Schwencck Gilbert.	To the terrestrial Globe.
780	Edgar Fawcett.	The buntling Ball.
781	Mortimer Collins.	If.
782	John Finley.	Bachelor's Hall.
783	H. C. Bunner.	Yes.
784	Augusta Webster.	Song.
785	Walter Learned.	An Explanation.
786	Edmund Yates.	Twenty and Thirty.
787	Thomas Randolph.	Song of Fairies.
788	Richard Brinsley Sheridan.	The School for Scandal.
789	Lady Helen Selina Sheridan Dufferin.	Katy's Letter.
790	Leigh Hunt (Rondeau).	Jennie Kissed Me.
791	Vigil A. Pinkley.	The model American Girl.
792	William Strode.	Kisses.
793	George John Cayley.	An Epitaph.
794	Sallie M. B. Piatt.	Caprice at Home.
795	J. Russell Fisher.	Plantation Proverbs.
796	Fitz-Hugh Ludlow.	Too Late.
797	Matthew Gregory Lewis.	A Matrimonial Duet.
798	J. A. Macon.	Theology in the Quarters.
799	Alfred Dommett.	Christmas Hymn.

800	John Hay.	Little Breeches.
801	Charles G. Leland.	The Three Friends.
802	Hugh Rhodes.	Cautions.
803	William Shenstone.	Lines written on the Window of an Inn at Henley.
804	Oliver Goldsmith.	The Traveler.
805	Samuel Rogers.	Italy.
806	Bishop George Berkeley.	On the prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America.
807	Nathaniel Parker Willis.	Parrhasius and the Captive.
808	Daniel De Foe.	The true-born Englishman.
809	William Lillo.	Fatal Curiosity.
810	John Dryden.	Aureng-Zebe.
811	Sir J. Harrington.	Epigram, Fortune.
812	Thomas Tusser.	Good husbandly Lessons.
813	Matthew Green.	The Spleen.
814	Kane O'Hara.	Midas.
815	Edmund Spenser.	The Faerie Queen.
816	Thomas Carew.	Mediocrity in Love rejected.
817	Mrs. Hester Chapone.	Ode to Solitude.
818	Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace.	Only Waiting.
819	Richard Lovelace.	To Althea, from Prison.
820	Joshua Sylvester.	Contentment.
821	John Bunyan.	Pilgrim's Progress.
822	Sir Henry Wotton.	Character of a happy Life.
823	Thomas Lovell Beddoes.	Dream—Pedlary.
824	Sir Walter Raleigh.	The Pilgrimage.
825	John Taylor.	"Nonsense upon Sence."

NOTES.

- 141 Often credited to Dr. Guthrie.
- 150 Credited to John Dowling by William Bird.
- 152 Sometimes credited to "Early Christian Bard," with English translation by Dr. O'Donnovan.
- 338 James Grant Wilson and W. J. Linton both claim Bruce as author, but generally credited to Logan.
- 360 Richard Brinsley Sheridan has a stanza exactly like this, except that names of months are used instead of seasons.
- 408 Credited in England "Notes and Queries" to Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
- 479 Etheredge's line reads "You are not free because you're fair."
- 497 This part of Yomoyden was probably written by Sands.
- 503 Credited by Bryant and many others to Henry Fielding, with title, "The Maiden's Choice."
- 504 Usually credited to E. B. Browning, but not found in her works.
- 507 Also credited to Hobbe L. Prentiss.
- 516 Copied by Murray from John Lapraik, 1717-1807.
- 526 Credited also to initials S. H. T.
- 540 This has been credited to the initials W. B., supposed to be William Ball. Dion Boucicault claims to have written the lines himself for the play "Leda Astray."
- 544 Published anonymously in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody in 1602. W. H. Davenport Adams gives it as anonymous as does also Francis T. Palgrave.
- 614 Often credited to Spenser. The stanza is said to have been published anonymously at first and afterward incorporated in several "Laments."
- 638 Also credited to John Heywood the epigrammatist.
- 539 Credited often to David Swing, but he says he did not write it.
- 645 Credited erroneously to Ralph Waldo Emerson.
- 686 Bartlett gives Henry Aldrich from Biog. Britannica.
- 747 Also credited to Sir John Morris.

PRIZE SELECTIONS

BEING

*FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN POETS*

FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT TIME

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

C. W. MOULTON

EDITOR OF "QUERIES"

I

"WHENCE is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

BOSTON

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

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ELECTROTYPED BY
C. J. PETERS AND SON, BOSTON.

“Wise, noble, loved and loving wife,
These heart-born songs, a gift, I bring
To thee, whose deeds, thy muses, sing
The poem of a perfect life.”

PRIZE SELECTIONS.

3

Jewels five-words-long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.

4

Then why should those who pick and choose
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repute
As those who, with less art and pains,
Can do it with their native brains?

5

——— And you, whom we all so adore,
Dear Critics, whose verdicts are always so new! —
One word in your ear. There were Critics before . . .
And the man who plants cabbage imitates, too!

7

6

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

7

And once I knew a meditative rose
That never raised its head from bowing down ;
Yet drew its inspiration from the stars.
It bloomed and faded here beside the road,
And, being a poet, wrote on empty air
With fragrance all the beauty of its soul.

8

✓ What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea ;
A precious jewel carved most curiously ;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy ;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song.

9

— Doth not song
To the whole world belong !
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

10

All days are birthdays in the life,
The blessed life that poets live,
Songs keep their own sweet festivals,
And are the gifts, they come to give.
The only triumph over Time
That Time permits, is his who sings ;
The poet Time himself defies
By secret help of Time's own wings.

11

Brother Bartholomew, working-time, -
Would fall into musing and drop his tools ;
Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
More than for theses of the schools ;
And sighed, and took up his burden so,
Vowed to the Muses, for weal or woe.

12

He walks with God upon the hills !
And sees, each morn, the world arise
New-bathed in light of Paradise.
He hears the laughter of her rills,
Her melodies of many voices,
And greets her while his heart rejoices.
She, to his spirit undefiled,
Makes answer as a little child ;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secrets to his hands.

13

With no fond, sickly thirst for fame I kneel,
O goddess of the high-born art, to thee ;
Not unto thee with semblance of a zeal
I come, O pure and heaven-eyed Poesy !
Thou art to me a spirit and a love,
Felt even from the time when first the earth
In its green beauty, and the sky above,
Informed my soul with joy too deep for mirth.

14

Not mine the soul that pants not after fame —
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove
The grateful influence of the stream I love.

15

With thine compared, O sovereign Poesy,
Thy sister Arts' divided powers how faint !
For each combines her attributes in thee,
Whose voice is music, and whose words can paint.

16

I sometimes doubt
If they have not, indeed, the better part —
These poets, who get drunk with sun, and weep
Because the night or a woman's face is fair.

17

I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought
takes form,
Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world
grow warm ;
Until there comes the glorious voice and words that
seem divine,
And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws
them into mine.

18

O world ! that listens, when too late,
Unto the voice which sings,
And loves the music, when the years
Have shattered many strings,
But little owes the bard to you
For praises from your tongue,
Who heard not when the harp was new,
And love and life were young.

19

A voice divinely sweet, a voice no less
Divinely sad ; for all the maddening jar
Of all the wide world's sin and wretchedness
Swelled round its music, as when round a star
Black storm-clouds gather and its white light mar.
Pure music is pure bliss in heaven alone :
Earth's air translates it to melodious moan.

20

Guardian of thought, immortal memory !
Keep thou immortal some good thought of mine,
Which, in oblivion's dark, may softly shine
Like the pale fox-fire of a rotting tree.
If thou do keep but one song-child alive,
In its sweet body shall my soul survive.

21

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings ;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

22

Come, with these God-anointed kings
Be thou companion here,
And in the mighty realm of mind
Thou shalt go forth a peer.

23

The heart that suffers, most may sing,
All beauty seems of sorrow born :
This truth, half seen in life's young morn,
Stands full and clear at evening.
The gems of thought most highly prized
Are tears of sorrow crystallized.

24

This shall remain, this shall remain,
Forever type of poet's pain.
For he who souls of men may touch
Must in himself have suffered much.

25

All rests with those who read. A work or thought
Is that which makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing.

26

Poets must ever be their own best listeners.
No word from man to men
Shall sound the same again ;
Something is lost through all interpreters.
Never for finest thought
Can crystal words be wrought
That to the crowd afar
Shall show it — more than a telescope a star.

27

Like pearls that lie hid 'neath the ocean's broad breast,
Where its waters unceasingly roll,
Are our beautiful thoughts — our sweet unexpressed,
That are lost in the depth of the soul.

28

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread ;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.

29

They who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.

30

I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst :—
Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground.

31

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine,
Spread canvas to the airs divine !
Spread sail, and let thy fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.
For Destiny pursues us well,
By sea, by land, through heaven or hell ;
It suffers Death alone to die,
Bids life all change and chance defy.

32

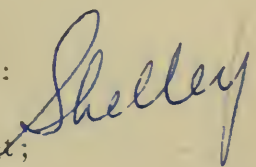
There's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound ;
And bear we ever, unaware,
A glory that hath not been crowned.

33

All outward wisdom yields to that within,
Whereof no creed nor canon holds the key ;
We only feel that we have ever been,
And ever more shall be.

34

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.



35

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

36

The highest truths lie nearest to the heart ;
 No soarings of the soul can find out God.
 I saw a bee who woke one summer night,
 And taking the white stars for flowers, went up
 Buzzing and booming in the hungry blue ;
 And when its wings were weary with its flight,
 And the cold airs of morn were coming up,
 Lo ! the white flowers were melting out of view,
 And it came wheeling back — ah ! heavily —
 To the great laughing earth that gleam'd below !

37

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.

38

CAUSE never dwelt in aught of sensuous kind ;
 Sole first and last of all that is, and was,
 And yet shall be, in Heaven or Earth, is MIND.

39

Small service is true service while it lasts :
 Of humblest Friends, bright creature ! scorn not one ;
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

off printed

40

All service is the same with God —
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we : there is no last nor first.

Brown

41

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

42

O rouse thee then, nor shun the glorious strife, —
Extend, improve, enjoy thy hours of life :
Assert thy reason, animate thy heart,
And act through life's short scene the useful part :
Then sleep in peace, by gentlest memory crown'd,
Till time's vast year has fill'd its perfect round.

43

Never was day so over-sick with showers,
But that it had some intermitting hours.
Never was night so tedious, but it knew
The last watch out, and saw the dawning too.
Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or light or day did never peep.
Never did moon so ebb, or seas so wane,
But that they left hope seed to fill up again.

Herrie

44

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

45

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

46

Sowing day is a silent day,
Resting night is a silent night ;
But whoso reaps the ripened corn
Shall shout in his delight,
While silences vanish away.

47

Going out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light ;
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night.
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with woe and sin ; —
Ceaseless stream of restless pilgrims
Going out and coming in !

48

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

49

Fading, fading, ever fading!
Is the weary heart's lament,
Mourning that this transient shading
Was not made more permanent;
Seeing not beneath this seeming
The immortal features beaming
Ever more distinct and clear,
As these shadows disappear.

50

Life is wasted if we spend it
Idly dreaming how to die;
Study how to *use*, not *end* it;
Work to finish, not to fly.
Godly living — best preparing
For a life with God above;
Work! and banish anxious caring!
Death ne'er comes to active love.

51

I saw a wonderful light —
Watching the midnight sky —
Leap suddenly into the voiceless dark,
And as suddenly die.
Was it a golden lance,
Into the silence hurled
By the spirit of air? a new-born star?
Or the wreck of a world?

52

See where yon star falls headlong, flashing
Across the purple twilight air! —
An angel, swift-winged, bears from heaven
The answer to a mortal's prayer.

53

Tired, tired and spent, the day is almost run,
And oh, so little done!
Above, and far beyond, far out of sight,
Height over height,
I know the distant hills I should have trod, —
The hills of God, —
Lift up their airy peaks, crest over crest,
Where I had prest
My faltering, weary feet, had strength been given,
And found my Heaven.

54

Be like the sun, that pours its ray
To glad and glorify the day.
Be like the moon, that sheds its light,
To bless and beautify the night.
Be like the stars, that sparkle on,
Although the sun and moon are gone.
Be like the skies, that steadfast are,
Though absent sun and moon and star.

55

Let those who hope for brighter shores no more
Not mourn, but inland bravely seek
What hidden wealth redeems the shapeless shore.
The strong must build stout cabins for the weak ;
Must plant and stint ; must sow and reap and store ;
For grain takes root though all seems bare and
bleak.

56

“ Labor is worship ! ” — the robin is singing ;
“ Labor is worship ! ” — the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature’s great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower :
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

57

A chance may win what by mischance was lost ;
The net that holds no great takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed ;
Few all things need, and none have all they wish ;
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

58

“ Laborare est orare,”
Sang a monk of ancient time ;
Sang it at his early matin,
Sang it at the vesper chime.
“ Work is worship ; ” God, my brothers,
Takes our toils for homage sweet,
And accepts as signs of worship
Well-worn hands and wearied feet.

59

Rest is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best ;
'Tis onward ! unswerving, —
And that is true rest.

60

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour ;
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer, man a flower ;
He dies, — alas ! how soon he dies !

61

Go, ponder well and patiently,
Not knowing what your thought may yield,
But waiting for the mystery
Of what shall be revealed.

62

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise :
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the old stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on.

63

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient,
plodding weaver :
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for
the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is
loosened and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork — that his marvellous
skill is learned.

64

He lives at ease who freely lives.
A noble heart may have no ease,
Nor else naught that may him please,
If freedom fails.

65

Life is unutterably dear,
God makes to-day so fair;
Though Heaven is better, — being here
I long not to be there.

66

O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !

67

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem :
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.

68

What times are little ? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.

69

Rouse thee, man ! Shake off this hideous death !
Be man ! Stand up ! Draw in a mighty breath !
This world has quite enough emasculate hands,
Dallying with doubt and sin.
Come — here is work — begin !

70

First, find thou Truth, and then,
Although she strays
From beaten paths of men
To untrod ways,
Her leading follow straight,
And bide thy fate ;
And whether smile or scorn
Thy passing greet,
Or find'st thou flower or thorn
Beneath thy feet,
Fare on ! nor fear thy fate
At Heaven's gate.

71

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold :
Who live for self and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold.
For them their youth itself is old.

72

Go, thou who standest there,
Tranquilly dreaming,
Learn the stern truths that lie
Under all seeming.
Feeding the pride of life,
Thou thyself starvest ;
Thine is the seed time now,
Whose is the harvest ?

73

Wanted : Deeds.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of scent and creeds.
Wanted : Deeds.

74

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb ;
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever,
We plan to outwit and forestall Time.
We scorn to wait for the thing worth having ;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn ;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving
As our forefathers did in the good time gone.

75

When I began the world first, it was not then as now,
For all was plain and simple then, and friends were
kind and true ;
Oh, the times, the weary times, the times that I now
see ;
I think the world is all gone wrong, from what it used
to be.

76

Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind ;
Light of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind :
Where Misery spreads her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows :
From your blest lips the balm distils,
That softens mortal woes.

77

In the still air the music lies unheard ;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.
Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand ;
Let not the music that is in us die ;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie !

78

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is sym-
boled is greater ;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward
creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift
stands the giving,
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive
nerves of receiving.

79

After the storm comes the rainbow ; the sapling that
bends soon uprises ;
After despairing, our life is oft full of sweetest sur-
prises.
· · · · ·
After the loss the regaining ; the foot once entangled
is surest ;
Out of the deadliest poison cometh the antidote purest.

80

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow ;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way !

81

Deaf to its roar are those who make their home
Where sheer Niagara jars the primeval rock :
Let them but go and come : the awful boom
Strikes on their new-born ears with thund'rous shock !
Blind are these eyes, except they note some change —
They cannot see, until by contrast taught ;
Then how obtuse, how narrow in their range
Are human senses and is human thought.

82

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

83

Ah ! 'tis our spirit's curse to strive and seek ;
Although its heart is rich in pearls and ores,
The sea complains upon a thousand shores ;
Sea-like, we moan for ever.

84

Be wise to-day : 'tis madness to defer.

85

Thy Real drinks music from Ideal Thought,
And Earth but avenues the gate to Heaven.

86

The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

87

I said it in the meadow-path,
I say it on the mountain stairs —
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.
The air we breathe — the sky — the breeze —
The light without us and within —
Life, with its unlocked treasures —
God's riches — are for all to win.

88

This above all — to thine own self be true.

89

The lowest genius will afford some light.

90

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.

91

Press on ! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch ;
He fails alone who feebly creeps ;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero ! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

92

Now let us thank the Eternal Power : convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction, —
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

93

What if the days are dreary ?
What if the desert glows
Beneath life's bitter sun-beat ?
What if the wild wind blows
Out of the North-Land stormy ?
What if Earth wears no smile ?
A gate will open outward
In such a little while !

94

Ah! it is ever thus; we cannot throw
Into fine action all our purest glow;
We are hedged in by some dark boundary;
And so our highest sinks to lesser high.
Somewhat we ever fail to fairly do,
Of what we see of beautiful and true;
Our act is ever lower than our sight.

95

My life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
 Yet God still holds the thread;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
 The chain in woof be wed.

96

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

97

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
 Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
 Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

98

One for the cravings of his life provides,
One weaves himself another way to live,
To reach the secret is beyond our lore,
And man must rest, till God doth furnish more.

99

Think all you speak ; but speak not all you think :
Thoughts are your own ; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink :
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.

100

Do naught but good ; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above ;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

101

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day ;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views, let both united be ;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

102

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
 And all in life that's mean ;
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
 Through every various scene.

103

Oh righteous doom, that they who make
 Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
 Miss that whereto they tend ;
While they who bid stern Duty lead,
 Content to follow, they
Of duty only taking heed,
 Find pleasure by the way.

104

To toil, to think, to long, to grieve, —
 Is such my future fate ?
The morn was dreary, must the eve
 Be also desolate ?
Well, such a life at least makes Death
 A welcome, wished-for friend ;
Then, aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,
 To suffer to the end !

105

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life ?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
 In blackness of heart ? — that we war to the knife ?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

106

Wisdom ripens unto Silence as she grows more truly
 wise,
And she wears a mellow sadness in her heart and in
 her eyes :
Wisdom ripens unto Silence, and the lesson she doth
 teach,
Is that life is more than language, and that thought is
 more than speech.

107

Full oft the longing soul goes out
 On wing of song its good to find,
And flying far o'er flood and doubt
 Its ark of bondage leaves behind.

108

With outstretched hands, in dark and gloom,
 We grope our way, we know not where ;
Uncertain shades beside a tomb ;
 Oh ! birds, your wailing seems despair !

109

Ye who have felt the delirium of passion,
Say, can you sever its joys and its pangs?
Is there a power in calm contemplation
To indicate each upon each as it hangs?
I would believe not; for spirit will languish,
While sense is most blest and creation most bright;
And life will be dearer and clearer in anguish,
Than ever was felt in the throbs of delight.

110

God is its author, and not man; he laid
The key-note of all harmonies; he planned
All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so we could hear and understand.

111

To scorn the promise of the Real;
To seek and seek and not to find;
Yet cherish yet the fair Ideal, —
It is thy fate, O restless Mind!

112

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts!
Rolling wave-like on the mind's strange shore,
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore,
Oh that they might follow God's good Hand!

113

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
 To break the eternal doom !
Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
 Yet perish'd fated Rome.

114

The winds that once the Argo bore
 Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea floor,
 Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew in every isle,
 Far in the foam of Ægean seas,
But out of their sleep no charm can wile
 Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

115

Not to myself alone, —
O Man, forget not thou — earth's honored priest !
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart —
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard ; spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown :
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
 Not to thyself alone.

116

John Romeny.
Till some of us learn, as did some of you,
To try a manlier way, —
To put into life a potency
That will keep the grave at bay;
And count this brief experience
That hangs upon a breath
Our first sweet hint of the rounded whole,
With its episode of death.

117

O soul!

Whilst yet unbodied thou didst summer there,
God saw thee, led thee forth from thy green haunts,
And bade thee know another world, less fair,
Less calm! Ambition, knowledge, and desire
Drove from thee thy first worship. Live and learn;
Believe and wait; and it may be that he
Will guide thee back again to Wonderland.

118

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung:
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen:
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

119

Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?

120

Plead, when the tempter's art
To each fond hope of mine
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be thine.
If slander whisper, too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou who would'st urge the true,
Plead thou my cause.

121

Power, and wealth, and fame,
Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide :
Give me but these, — a spirit tempest-tried,
A brow unshrinking, and a soul of flame,
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride !

122

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favors, and found its decay ;
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled, — fled far away.

123

Hope, cheated too often, when life's in its spring,
From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing !
And Memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.
As 'tis said that the swallow the tenement leaves
Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,
And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

124

My good right hand forgets
 Its cunning now —
To march the weary march
 I know not how.
I am not eager, bold,
 Nor strong, — all that is past ;
I am ready not to do,
 At last, at last.

125

A bird sang sweet and strong
 In the top of the highest tree ;
He sang — “ I pour out my soul in song
 For the summer that soon shall be.”
But deep in the shady wood
 Another bird sang — “ I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
 For the springs that return no more.”

126

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?
Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still,
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

127

Thou lookest to the clouds, — they fleet ;
Thou turnest to the waves, — they falter ;
The flower that decks the shrine, though sweet,
Dies on its altar :
And thou, more changeful than the cloud,
More restless than the wandering rill,
Like that lone flower in silence bowed,
Poor heart ! be still.

128

Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war ;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown !

129

With joys unknown, with sadness unconfessed,
The generous heart accepts the passing year,
Finds duties dear, and labor sweet as rest,
And for itself knows neither care nor fear.

130

Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly ;
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

131

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;
While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

132

Wherever Truth her holy warfare wages,
Or Freedom pines, there let thy voice be heard ;
Sound like a prophet-warning down the ages
The human utterance of God's living word.

133

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost ;
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do ;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

134

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea ;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole :
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul.

135

Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still ;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Moves one, move all ;
Hark to the foot-fall !
On, on, for ever.

136

Soldier, be strong, who fightest
Under a Captain stout ;
Dishonor not thy conquering Head
By basely giving out.
Endure awhile, bear up,
And hope for better things ;
War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon midnight's wings.

137

Strength — as to skylark's wing —
Comes from resistance long ;
Comes from the songs we sing ;
Comes from suffering wrong.
The more we beat the tides,
The more we breast the winds,
Strength through our pulses glides,
Strength all our spirit binds.

138

Thy progression, not thy rest, —
Striving, not attaining, —
Is the measure and the test
Of thy hope remaining ;
Not in gain thou'rt half so blessed
As in conscious gaining.

139

For the right

Man, even in despair, should ever strive :
The very effort, howsoever vain,
Is always something gained. To the great work
It warms the blood of the world which wrestles on
Still against failure, like the strong man struggling,
Until the end of truth at last is reached.

140

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil
mind.
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith
and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

141

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens that bend above me,
And the good that I can do ;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

142

There is a resignation worse than murmur,
An acquiescence vain,
A giving-up that roots self-will the firmer,
And silence may complain.
Oh, give us, Lord, that living love unshaken
That makes the heaviest cross
Thou layest on us be by us self-taken,
Makes sacrifice of loss.

143

Though boats go down, men build again
Whatever wind may blow ;
If blight be in the wheat one year,
They trust again and sow.
The grief comes, the change comes,
The tides run high or low.

144

God's will is like a cliff of stone,
My will is like the sea ;
Each murmuring thought is only thrown
Tenderly back to me.
God's will and mine are one this day,
And evermore shall be ;
There is a calm in Life's tost bay,
And the waves sleep quietly.

145

Press onward through each varying hour ;
Let no weak fears thy course delay ;
Immortal being ! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

146

A bold man or a fool must he be who would change
his lot with another ;
It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly re-
fused it ;
For we know the worst of ourselves, but the secrets of
another we see not.

147

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste ;
Though the chalice of Life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops, too, for the taste.
We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot ;
But the rich rays of sunshine that brighten our way,
Are bask'd in, enjoy'd, and forgot.

148

We'll warn our hearts, and softly sing
Thanks for the shore whereon we're driven ;
Storm-tossed no more, we'll fold the wing,
And dream forgotten dreams of heaven.

149

I saw a snowflake in the air

When smiling May had decked the year,
And then 'twas gone, I knew not where, —

I saw a snowflake in the air,

And thought perchance an angel's prayer

Had fallen from a starry sphere ;

I saw a snowflake in the air,

When smiling May had decked the year.

150

O time too swift ! O swiftness never ceasing !

151

Man's life's a book of history,

The leaves thereof are days,

The letters mercies closely joined,

The title is thy praise.

152

Like as the damask rose you see,

Or like the blossom on the tree,

Or like the dainty flower in May,

Or like the morning of the day,

Or like the sun, or like the shade,

Or like the gourd which Jonas had, —

E'en such is man ; whose thread is spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

153

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

154

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Some break their fast and so departs away,
Others stay dinner, then departs full fed ;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.

155

How short is life's uncertain space !
Alas ! how quickly done !
How swift the wild precarious chase !
And yet how difficult the race !
How very hard to run !

156

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double ;
Who would trust to such weak eyes ?
Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise ;
Doubts of truth, believes pretences ;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

157

It is a weary interlude —
Which doth short joys, long woes, include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears ;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death !

158

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

159

We are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
We love ; we droop ; we die !
Ah ! wherefore do we laugh or weep ?
Why do we live or die ?
Who knows that secret deep ?
Alas, not I !

160

And this is Life : ethereal fire
Striving aloft through smothering clay,
Mounting, flaming, higher, higher !
Till lost in immortality.

161

I wonder at myself ! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth : if "dust to dust"
Shall be the end of love and hope and strife,
From what rare land is blown this living breath
That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust,
And tells the lie — if 'tis a lie — of *life* ?

162

If life be as a flame that death doth kill,
Burn, little candle, lit for me,
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfil.

163

Moan, moan, ye dying gales !
The saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life ;
Nor have you e'er began
A theme so wild as man,
Or with such sorrow rife.

164

If Life an empty bubble be,
How sad are those who will not see
A rainbow in the bubble !

165

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span :
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb ;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

166

Mr Quincy Adams
Time is the measure but of change :
No present hour is found ;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where, then, is now ? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb :
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

167

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came :
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same ;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

168

Life's but a leaf, adroitly rolled,
And Time's the wasting breath,
That, late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

169

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born;
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between — and then?

170

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! — what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity?

171

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

172

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

173

See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.

174

Fool! I mean not
That poor-souled piece of heroism, self-slaughter;
Oh no! the miserablest day we live
There's many a better thing to do than die!

175

✓ There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

176

Two agèd men, that had been foes for life,
Met by a grave, and wept — and in those tears
They washed away the memory of their strife;
Then wept again the loss of all those years.

177

O Death, thy certainty is such,
The thought of thee so fearful,
That musing, I have wonder'd, much,
How men are ever cheerful.

178

Death is a common friend or foe,
 As different men may hold,
 And at its summons each must go,
 The timid and the bold ;
 But when the spirit, free and warm,
 Deserts it, as it must,
 What matter where the lifeless form
 Dissolves again to dust ?

179

I wonder what day of the week, —
 I wonder what month of the year, —
 Will it be midnight, or morning, —
 And who will bend over my bier ?

*Paul
 Thomas
 Address*

180

Thou art alive, O grave, —
 Thou with thy living grass,
 Blown of all winds that pass, —
 Thou with thy daisies white,
 Dewy at morn and night, —
 Thou on whose granite stone
 Greenly the moss has grown, —
 Thou on whose holy mound,
 Through the whole summer round,
 Sweetly the roses thrive, —
 Thou art alive !
 O grave, thou art alive !

181

For what to us seems dying
Is but another birth,
A spirit upward flying
From the broken shell of earth.
We are the dead, the buried,
We who do yet survive,
In the grave of sense interrèd, —
The dead, — they are alive.

182

Of all that has been, sum and history
Of all that shall be, source and prophecy;
This living Past, present Futurity;
This Was and Is, and Shall be so —
We may not know.
We? — we are but men.
Alone
God sitteth on his throne.
Amen!

183

There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind —
Woodman and delver with the spade — are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen —
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.

184

I gazed on the babe at its mother's breast,
And asked for the secret of life and rest ;
It turned with a smile that was sad and lone,
And murmured in dreaming, " Unknown," " unknown."

185

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest.

186

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or
intent.
So those who enter death must go as little children
sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is over-
head ;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

187

Weep for the life-charm early flown,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone ;
Weep for the death-pangs of the heart,
Ere being from the bosom part ;
But never be a tear-drop given
To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

188

When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
From every fragile form, from which he lets
The parting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise,
In shape of Mercy, Charity, and Love
To walk the world and bless it.

Of every tear
That sorrowing Nature sheds on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentle nature comes.

189

Down the dim vista of the vanished years
I gaze sad-hearted,
And see through gath'ring mists of blinding tears,
Loved ones departed.

190

Waiting for her loved ones, this is woman's lot,
In the stately palace or the lowly cot,
And when death shall claim her she will go before,
And await their coming on the other shore.

191

Over the river they beckon to me, --
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drown'd in the rushing tide.

192

If He should call us home before
The children go on that blessed shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait,
Till he, the keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.

193

✓ But O for the meeting to come one day,
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay ·
When the standers-by with a gentle sign
Shall kindly cover this face of mine,
And I leap — whither? — ah, who can know?
But outward, outward, as spirits must go,
Till eye to eye without fear I see
God — and my lost — as they see me.

194

The silver cord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funereal spoken
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or delved is the grassy clod;
And what for mourning man is left —
Oh, what is left — but God?

195

The strife is o'er — Death's seal is set
On ashy lips and marble brow ;
'Tis o'er, though faintly lingers yet
Upon the cheek a life-like glow :
The feeble pulse hath throbb'd its last,
The aching head is laid at rest —
Another from our ranks hath pass'd,
The dearest and the loveliest.

196

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath ?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death !
Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied ;
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died !

197

Out of the Snow, the Snowdrops — out of Death
Comes Life.

198

Yes, ye are made immortal on the day
Ye cease the dusty grains of time to weigh.

199

We parted in the Summer time,
When life was bold and brave —
I did not think that Autumn leaves
Would rustle o'er thy grave ;
A year ago we two had watched
Their gorgeous brightness fall —
I little dreamed that those of Spring
Were woven for thy pall.

200

One year ago, — a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.
Only a year, — no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die !

201

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there ;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

202

When last the maple bud was swelling,
When last the crocus bloom'd below,
Thy heart to mine its love was telling,
Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow : —
Again the maple bud is swelling,
Again the crocus blooms below ;
In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

203

Of what men are, and why they are,
So weak, so wofully beguiled,
Much have I learned, but better far,
I know my soul is reconciled.

204

A butterfly bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow :
“Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low ?”
Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track :
“I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a seraph, sings :
Would'st thou call the blest one back ?”

205

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

206

Cloudy argosies are drifting down into the purple
dark —
Down into the fading west ;
And the long low amber reaches lying on the horizon's
mark
Shape themselves into the gateways opening to the
Land of Rest —
Gateways leading thro' the sunset, out into the under
world,
Bright with pilgrim barges lying round the Islands
of the Blest,
With their white sails tranquil furled.

207

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

208

Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy ;
Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes ;
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise.
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,
Regain by meekness what you lost by pride.

209

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time ;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime :
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveller reaches his goal
On the evergreen mountains of life.

210

O noble face ! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain, —
The high, celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.
Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain, —
On earth an empty form and face —
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

211

Two mighty silences, two worlds unseen,
Over against each other lie ;
Forever boundlessly apart have been,
Forever nigh.
In one is God Himself, and angels bright
Do congregate, and spirits fair ;
And lost to sight in depths of mystic light,
Our dead dwell there !

212

'Tis sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed !
She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness ;
I hear her voice in still small accents tell
Of realms of bliss and never-fading brightness,
Where those who loved on earth together dwell.

213

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

214

When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

215

The soul of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds when all things fail.

216

No light e'er lay in loved one's eye,
Or passion on the lover's tongue,
As tenderly as thoughts will lie
The dimmest memories among.
No smiles that rising morn may wear
Are blest as shades when evening nears ;
No wakefulness, however fair,
As beautiful as sleep of years.

217

O listen, man !
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls ; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

218

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is love ;
But I can see,
Though often dimly through the mystery,
His hand above !

219

Somehow, we know not how ; somewhere, but where
We know not ; by some hand, we know not whose,
Joy must absorb the whole wide world's despair.
This we call Faith : but if we dare impose
Form on this faith, we shall but beat the air,
Or build foundations on the baseless ooze.

220

No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love ;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from
above ;
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy
scarrèd face ;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy
race :
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be
well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt
dwell.

221

Full many a vessel threads the gates of morn,
With spreading sails, and gold upon its prow,
That ere the eve will bend beneath the storm.
And we — how know we if our moments run
To break on joy or sorrow? We can hope,
But hope itself is born of doubt, my friends,
Always in bud but never quite a flower.

222

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

223

Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place, —
O guilty sinner, come !

224

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead thou me on !
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

225

Near, so very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be ;
For in the person of his Son
I am as near as he.

226

O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown,
Exist and be !
I am dying, I am all alone ;
I must have thee !
God ! God ! my sense, my soul, my all,
Dies in the cry : —
Saw'st thou the faint star flame and fall ?
Ah ! it was I.

227

Abide with me ! fast falls the even-tide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me !

228

Jesus ! cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.

229

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy Children free
To follow Truth, and thus to follow Thee.

230

O blessed Life ! O sweet, fair home and rest !
Unruffled in its purity of joy :
Home ! with enfranchised spirits ever blessed ;
God's praise the happy heart's serene employ ;
Sin and Time's Fret, and all its troubles o'er ,
Heaven's perfect peace — Light ! Light for Ever-
more !

231

Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

232

How strange is the course that a Christian must steer !
How perplexed is the path he must tread !
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.

233

We look to thee ! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
Yes ; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
The holiest know ; Light, Life, the Way of heaven !
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

234

Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less, when he denies ;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

235

Earth has joy unknown in heaven —
The new-born peace of sin forgiven !
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye Angels ! never dimmed your sight.

236

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

237

Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
For the day is passing by ;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh ;
Tarry with me — tarry with me !
Pass me not unheeded by !

238

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.

239

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth ;
She is my Maker's creature : therefore good :
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
She is my tender nurse — she gave me food ;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee ?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me ?

240

All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all !

241

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

242

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

243

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses and keep
This little life of mine.
With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

244

What do we lay before "our Father's" throne?
The broken heart the world hath trampled on,
But could not heal; the bruised hopes flung back
From Cæsar's throne, when our reward we lack;
Hyssop and vinegar: How oft they be
Our only tribute, Lord, reserved for Thee!

245

Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!

246

In Ocean's cave, still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

247

The Power that call'd thee into life has skill to make
thee live,
A place of refuge can provide, another being give;
Can clothe thy perishable form with beauty rich and
rare,
And, "when He takes his jewels up," grant thee a
station there.

248

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave ;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave ;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God !"

249

Fairer and purer for the vanished night —
The long, lone wintry night when hope was o'er,
And Love stood shivering by some open grave,
And wrote upon its margin "*Nevermore*";
Blind Love, who could not see beyond the mould
And watch the new life quicken from decay,
Who could not trust the Lord who rules the night
To bring the blossoms of some fresh spring day.

250

I am not earth-born ; though I here delay ;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers ;
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours ;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

251

May God, by whom are seen and heard
Departing men and wandering bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown.

252

God pity me !
I cannot see
The end of pain.
The flowers I know
Bloom not in vain,
Since Thou wilt care
To find them fair :
But Thou art — where ?
Faith falters so
When love grows dim,
And 'twas for him
I bade them grow !

253

Be merciful, O God !
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never, till a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Up from the mounded sod.

254

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die ;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky ;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray ;
O, touch the sceptre ! — win a hope in Heaven :
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away !

255

I would not live alway : I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found ;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gloom of the plumage that bears him away.

256

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

257

We will not faint, if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

258

Long, long the Lord His counsel keeps,
And long withholds His hand,
While weary weeks and months go by,
And sad-eyed watchers stand;
But not in vain their yearning gaze
Deliverance awaits:
The winds and waves obey His will —
The ships are at the gates!

259

For the dead and for the dying;
For the dead that once were living,
And the living that are dying,
Pray I to the All-forgiving.

260

All love is lost but upon God alone.

261

Earth may be darkness;
Heaven will give the light.

262

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup ;
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

263

By sorrow revealed as the stars are by night
Far off a bright vision appears ;
And Hope, like the rainbow — a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

264

When lulled in passion's dream my senses slept,
How did I act ? — e'en as a wayward child ;
I smiled with pleasure when I should have wept,
And wept with sorrow when I should have smiled.

265

Look up ! look up ! Ah, no ; the sod
Thou walkest on is not more cold
To all the love tales we have told
In olden days. The weary road
Thou still must travel, Bride of God !

266

Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Has made us worshippers, O claim Thine own ;
More than Thy seers we know —
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast
sown.

267

And there are many ways to Heaven that lead :
Woe to the “prophets,” foul and false, who teach
The narrow, cruel, cold, and selfish creed,
That there are souls His voice can never reach.
In tortuous, tangled paths we tread ; but trust
One Guide to lead us forth and set us free ;
Give us, Lord God All Mighty and All Just !
The Faith that is but Confidence in thee !

268

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee the high and lowly
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy
To the great God Triune.

269

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song :
The dizzy millwheel rests ; the anvil's din
Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.

270

When men get loose in their theology
The screws are started up in everything.

271

Two went to pray ? Oh, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray.
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

272

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy ;
In teaching me the way tō live,
It taught me how to die.

273

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

274

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.

275

And o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

276

Hope closed the grave, when He of Nazareth,
Who led captivity his captive, came
And vanquished the great conquerors, Time and Death.

277

Now that Hope lies sick to death
Come and weep —
None can stay her parting breath :
Dark and deep
Let her grave be — cool and quiet
Under all the summer riot.

278

Arrested by dim questionings,
Man cannot pierce the husk of things,
Till Faith her clearer vision brings.

279

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind supports the body too :
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and lifeblood of the soul.

280

Science was Faith once ; Faith were Science now,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
And arm her with the weapons of the time.
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought,
For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.

281

O Faith ! thou wonder-working principle —
Eternal substance of our present hope,
Thou evidence of things invisible !
What cannot man sustain, by thee sustained !

282

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men with wailing in your voices !
O delvèd gold the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd sleep.

283

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.

284

Sleep is a death : oh, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die !
And as gently lay mine head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again, at last, with Thee ;
And, thus assured, behold, I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

285

Come gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
And, tho' Death's image, to my couch repair :
How sweet, tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And without dying, O, how sweet to die !

286

Come sleep, O sleep ! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe ;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low !

287

Come, gentle Sleep !

Balm of my wounds and softener of my woes,
And lull my weary heart in sweet repose,
And bid my sadden'd soul forget to weep,
And close the tearful eye ;

While dewy eve, with solemn sweep,
Hath drawn her fleecy mantle o'er the sky,
And chased afar, adown the ethereal way,
The din of bustling care and gaudy eye of day.

288

O sleep ! thy balm is to the troubled breast
As time to sorrow. Gently dost thou take
The arrows from the heart about to break,
And with thy stealthy step and quiet eye,
Around the couch in grateful ministry,
Thy form as noiseless as the foot of love,
Doth like the spirit of an angel move.

289

There are harps that complain to the presence of Night,
To the presence of Night alone —
In a near and unchangeable tone —
Like winds, full of sound, that go whispering by,
As if some immortal had stooped from the sky,
And breathed out a blessing — and flown !

290

Blanco
White Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew ✓
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?

291

AVE MARIA! 'tis the hour of love,
The kiss of rapture, and the linked embrace,
The hallowed converse in the dim, still grove,
The elysium of a heart-revealing face,
When all is beautiful — for we are blest;
When all is lovely — for we are beloved;
When all is silent — for our passions rest;
When all is faithful — for our hopes are proved.

292

How lovely are the portals of the night,
When stars come out to watch the daylight die.

293

ton Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born.

294

ats The poetry of earth is never dead.

295

Health that snuffs the morning air.

296

World ! if to thee, sin-stained, such lavish charms are
given,
How can a human thought conceive the spirit joys of
heaven !

297

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again ! . . .
Again ! O sacred forms, how proud you look !
How high you lift your heads into the sky !
How huge you are, how mighty and how free !

298

God of the world ! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Here incense fires shall cease to burn ;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

299

The woods, so strangely solemn and majestic,
The awful noon-tide twilight 'neath grand trees,
The hush like that of holy haunts monastic,
While mighty branches, lifting with the breeze,
Give glimpses of high heaven's cerulean sheen,
The Autumn-tinted leaves and boughs between.

300

The heart of Nature soothes the heart of man,
If with his heart he looks into her eyes.
A place of leaves, wide air, and sunny skies,
Will soothe him more than even woman can.
We cry, and Nature answers us in time ;
With both hands gives us what we ask and prize ;
A lily pure and pale to glad our eyes,
A spotted toad from out the ooze and slime.

301

Oh, this is life ! only to lie and dream,
To feel the sunshine creep into the blood
And warm the heart, like healing balm ; to seem
A part of all we see, — earth, air, and flood, —
While thoughts, unfettered, pass unheeded by
As the wild flowers plucked, and then, in careless
mood,
Dropped from the loosened hand, forgotten lie.

302

Great Nature holds no fellowship with grief.
Think not the wind is sighing through the sheaf
For sorrow that the summer's race is run ;
Think not the falling rain and shrouded sun,
Or the white scourge of frost laid on the ground,
Are tokens that her pleasures are discrowned
From their brave empires in the earth and sky.

303

Nature is poet for herself,
And writes her epics everywhere ;
Each tiny leaf and soft wind stirs,
Each bird-song heard on forest ways,
The sea's deep melodies are hers,
And storm and silence sing her praise.

304

Green grows the laurel on the bank,
Dark waves the pine upon the hill,
Green hangs the lichen, cold and dank,
Dark springs the heart-ease by the rill,
Age-mosses clamber ever bright,
Pale is the water-lily's bloom :
Thus Life still courts the shades of night,
And beauty hovers o'er the tomb.

305

I am the child of earth and air and sea !
My lullaby by hoarse Silurian storms
Was chanted ; and, through endless changing forms
Of plant and bird and beast, unceasingly
The toiling ages wrought to fashion me.
Lo, the large ancestors have left a breath
Of their strong souls in mine, defying death
And change.

306

How like a tender mother,
With loving thoughts beguiled,
Fond Nature seems to lull to rest
Each faint and weary child !
Drawing the curtain tenderly,
Affectionate and mild.

307

O'er all the land a vision rare and splendid —
(What time the Summer her last glory yields !)
I saw the reapers by tall wains attended,
Wave their keen scythes across the ripened fields,
At each broad sweep the glittering grain-stalks parted,
With all their sunniest lustres earthward bowed ;
But still those tireless blade-curves flashed and darted,
Like silvery lightnings from a golden cloud.

308

Talk not of temples — there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given ;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven ;
Its walls are the cerulean sky ;
Its floors the earth so green and fair ;
The dome its vast immensity —
All Nature worships there !

309

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn ;
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touchèd thorn ?

310

Long-rolling surges of a falling sea,
Smiting the sheer cliffs of an unknown shore ;
And by a fanged rock, swaying helplessly
A mast with broken cordage — nothing more.

311

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown ;
— Yet must thou hear a voice — Restore the Dead !
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee ! —
Restore the Dead, thou Sea !

312

Our boat is small and the tempest raves,
And naught is heard but the lashing waves
And the sullen roar of the angry sea
And the wild winds piping drearily ;
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.

313

The Thames nocturne in blue and gold
Changed to a harmony in gray :
A barge with ochre-colored hay
Dropt from the wharf ; and chill and cold
The yellow fog came creeping down
The bridges, till the houses' walls
Seemed changed to shadows, and St. Paul's
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

314

I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the Sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave :
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

315

To-day the Spring is in the air
And in the blood : sweet sun-gleams come and go
Upon the hills, in lanes the wild-flowers blow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.
About the hedge the small birds peer and dart,
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings
And little rapturous cries.

316

Shell of the bright sea-waves,
What is it that we hear in thy sad moan?
Is this unceasing music all thine own,
Lute of the ocean-caves?
Or does some spirit dwell
In the deep windings of thy chambers dim,
Breathing for ever, in its mournful hymn,
Of ocean's anthem-swell?

317

Roll on, in thy beautiful being,
Glad ocean, with music afar;
Life bears me to meet the Allseeing,
Where all the beatified are,
With space at my feet like a star.

318

Yes! but the waves seem ever
Singing the same sad thing;
And vain is my weak endeavor,
To guess what the surges sing!
What is that voice repeating,
Ever by night and day?
Is it a friendly greeting,
Or a warning that calls away?

319

I palpitate with fitful love ;
I sigh and sing with changing breath ;
I raise my hands to heaven above,
I smite my shores beneath !
In vain, in vain ! while far and fine,
To curb the madness of my sweep,
Runs the white limit of a line
I may not overleap.

320

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band ✓
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light. *Admiration*

321

O for the strength to paint my joy once more !
That joy I feel when Winter's reign is o'er ;
When the dark despot lifts his hoary brow,
And seeks his polar realm's eternal snow.

322

By sculptured cave, and speaking river,
Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall ;
The leaves, with a sound of winter, quiver,
Murmur thy name, and murmuring fall.
Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good.

323

To-day is here ; — come, crown to-day
With Spring's delight or Spring's despair !
Love cannot bide old Time's delay —
Down my glad gardens light winds play,
And my whole life shall bloom and bear
To-day.

324

Starred forget-me-nots smile sweetly,
Ring, blue-bells, ring !
Winning eye and heart completely,
Sing, robin, sing !
All among the reeds and rushes,
Where the brook its music hushes,
Bright the calopogon blushes, —
Laugh, O murmuring Spring !

325

I have heard the mavis singing
Its love-song to the morn ;
I've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born.

326

Gone were but the winter cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blow.

327

“ I have seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing ;
You said, ‘ Hear it and wish, and ’twill surely come
true ’ ;
So I’ve wished such a beautiful thing ! ”

328

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May :
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way :
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting, for the May.

329

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
 Sit here and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

330

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !
 Meet the morn upon the lea ;
Are the emeralds of the spring
 On the angler's trysting-tree ?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me !
 Are there buds on your willow tree ?
 Buds and birds on your trysting-tree ?

331

Now do tawny bees along,
 Plundering sweets from blossoms, hum ;
Now do showers of joyous song
 Down from larks up-mounting, come ;
 Everything
 Now doth sing,
Welcome gladness, welcome Spring.

332

Were I a poet I should sing
June's radiance of blossoming.
Were I a queen a crown I'd wear
Of her red roses on my hair.
I'm but a woman, and to me
June is the memory, Love, of thee.

333

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring !
Who, in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers ;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.

334

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan
Save the nightingale alone.

335

Ah, come and woo the Spring ;
List to the birds that sing ;
Pluck the primroses ; pluck the violets ;
Pluck the daisies,
Sing their praises ;
Friendship with the flowers some noble thought begets.

336

Loud is the Summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.

337

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color ;
The world is brighter than before —
Why should our hearts be duller ?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah, me ! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

338

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

339

The Wind moans in the Wood,
The leaf drops from the Tree ;
The cold Rain falls on the graves of the Good,
The cold Mist comes up from the Sea.

340

Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works.
Lovely, to full perfection wrought !

341

I hear a voice low in the sunset woods :
Listen ; it says " Decay, decay, decay :"
I hear it in the murmur of the floods,
And the wind sighs it as it flies away.

342

The dead leaves their rich mosaics,
Of olive and gold and brown,
Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,
Through all the embowered town.

343

Death in the wood, —
Death, and a scent of decay ;
Death, and a horror that creeps with the blood,
And stiffens the limbs to clay ;
For the rains are heavy and slow,
And the leaves are shrunken and wan,
And the winds are sobbing weary and low,
And the life of the year is gone.

344

The time of Frost is the time for me
When the gay blood spins through the heart with glee,
When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,
And the footstep rings on the musical ground ;
When the earth is white, and the air is bright,
And every breath a new delight.

345

Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

346

Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be ;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure ;
For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure !

347

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee !

348

The corn, oh, the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn !
Thanks for the corn with our bread upon the board !
So shall we acknowledge it before we reap the morn,
With our hands to heaven, and our knees unto the
Lord.

349

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

350

A song for the plant of my own native West,
Where nature and freedom reside,
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,
To the corn, the green corn of her pride !
In climes of the East has the olive been sung,
And the grape been the theme of their lays,
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung,
Thou bright, ever beautiful maize !

351

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved you long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell, —
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief
That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf !

352

Beautiful children of the woods and fields !
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather ;
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather : —
I love you all !

353

All brilliant flowers are pale and dead
And sadly droop to earth,
While pansies chill in velvet robes
Count life but little worth ;
But in these dark November days
That wander wild and wet,
Our thoughts are winged to summer hours
On breath of mignonette.

354

O Venus' myrtles, fresh and green !
O Cupid's blushing roses !
Not on your classic flowers alone
The sacred light reposes.
Though gentle care may shield your buds,
From north winds rude and blasting,
As dear to Love, those few, pale flowers,
Oh, white life-everlasting !

355

Those few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far !

356

Fair child of art ! thy charms decay,
Touched by the withered hand of Time ;
And hushed the music of that day,
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime :
But on my heart thy cheek of bloom
Shall live when Nature's smile has fled ,
And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

357

The rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field ;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

358

Lily of lilies, with star-lighted eye,
Come to my garden and give it new bloom ;
Goodly the company you will find there —
There in love's spaces of limitless room :
Red roses magical
White roses tragical,
Roses auroral, soft blushing and shy ;
Bloom of resplendent light,
Bloom of transcendent white —
Such is the company you will find there ;
Yet, none as yourself so deliciously fair.

359

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell ;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

360

Autumn : wheezy, sneezy, freezy ;
Winter : slippy, drippy, nippy ;
Spring : showery, flowery, bowery ;
Summer : hoppy, croppy, poppy.

361

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

362

My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

363

From my pulpit of the sod,
Like a god,
I proclaim the wondrous truth :
Farthest age is nearest youth,
Nearest Glory's natal porch,
Where, with pale, inverted torch,
Death lights downward to the rest
Of the blest.

364

“ He loved the lilies ; He made them fair ;
And sweet as the sweetest incense flows
The stream of its fragrance when I wear
For Him, on my heart, a rose.
And, father, I doubt not, there may hide
Beneath the tatters thou bid'st me view
As much of arrogance, scorn, and pride
As ever the ermine knew ! ”

365

If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's art,
They ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's
broken heart.
Worm or beetle, drouth or tempest, on a farmer's land
may fall,
But for first-class ruination trust a mortgage 'gainst
them all.

366

There's freedom in the farmer's life,
Not found in gilded rank or station ;
The mission of the farmer's wife,
Is in the home and for the nation ;
Their homestead is a kingdom grand ;
Where love bears sceptre, life is duty,
And heaven will bless that happy land
Whose homes are thrones of love and beauty.

367

There's high and low, there's rich and poor,
There's trades and crafts enow, man,
But east and west, his trade's the best
That kens to guide the plough, man.
Then come well speed, my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman ;
Of all the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

368

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

369

Men do not reap in the spring, my dear, nor are granaries filled in May,
Save it be with the harvest of former year, stored up
for a rainy day.
The seasons will keep their own true time, you can
hurry nor furrow nor sod :
It's honest labor and steadfast thrift that alone are
blest by God.

370

O Christmas, Merry Christmas !
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain ?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.

371

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

Francis
Smith

372

Oh, loved ones of the long ago,
Whose memories hang in golden frames,
Resting beneath the maple's glow,
Where few e'er read your chiseled names,
Come back, as in that Christmas night,
And fill the vacant chairs of mirth!
Ah me! the dream is all too bright,
And ashes lie upon the hearth.

373

Close up the ledger, Time!
Hark the knell of the year gone by!
Have I run out my golden sand?
Where shall I be when the next shall die?
Where shall the soul within me stand?
Naught beyond but guilt and crime?
Listen! I hear the New Year's bell!
Shut up the ledger, Time!

374

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires
had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has
bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers de-
fended.

375

As when within some mighty battle-plain
The king is fallen and all his army knows,
One common thrill goes through the myriad heart,
For there he lies, breathing last breath away,
So dear, so dear to all he seems to lean
His dying head on every soldier's breast :
So the Year dies, so, dying, seems to leave
His fallen head upon the heart of all.

376

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies ;
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time ,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name ;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

377

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

378

Every kingdom hath a grave.

379

The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

380

Who rules o'er freeman should himself be free.

381

O, know ye the wish of the true, the true?
O, know ye the wish of the true?
 'Tis to see the slave's hand
 Whirling liberty's brand,
As its toil-nurtured muscles could do,
And the wide-world's oppressors in view :
God ripen the wish of the true !

382

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

383

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease !
 Cease with your splendid call ;
The living are brave and noble,
 But the dead were bravest of all !

384

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die !
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave ;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave !

385

Freedom calls you ! Quick, be ready ;
Think of what your sires have been ;
Onward, onward ! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den ;
On, and let the watchwords be,
Country, home, and liberty !

386

Drop we a tear o'er the early bier,
In token of our sorrow,
While the army bleeds, that the hands she needs
Must idle be to-morrow.
But the bugle call and the battle ball
Again shall rouse him never :
He fought and fell, he served us well ;
His furlough lasts forever.

387

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.

388

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

389

To drum-beat and heart-beat
A soldier marches by ;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye ;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

390

Stop, angels, hither from the skies .
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

39¹

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant
strand,
To shed their blood so freely for love of father-land —
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-
yard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave.

39²

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell ;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

393

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know the story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

394

'Tis not a wild chorus of praises,
Nor chance, nor yet fate ;
'Tis the greatness born with him and in him,
That makes the man great.

395

Close his eyes, his work is done ;
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow.
What cares he ? — he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

396

The ways of violence are hard to reckon,
And men of right grow feeble in their will,
And Virtue of her sons has been forsaken,
And men of peace have turned aside to kill.

397

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on
the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendant of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

398

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought —
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land !

399

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction
In battle we wax cold ;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

400

Scion of a mighty stock !
Hands of iron — hearts of oak —
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.
Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth ! are not for thee :
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads.

401

Strike ! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee.

402

O Liberty ! thou sacred name
Whate'er reproach may thee befall,
From judgment just or spiteful blame,
To thee I cling, on thee I call.
And yet thou art not all in all ;
And e'en where thou art worshipped less,
In spite of check, in spite of thrall,
Content may spring and happiness.

403

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains ?

404

Oh, what have I done, — a weak woman, in what have
I meddled with harm!
Troubling only my God for the sunshine and rain on
my rough little farm, —
That my ploughshares are beaten to swords, and
whetted before my eyes,
That my tears must cleanse a foul nation, my lamb be
a sacrifice?

405

I saw him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him, —
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

406

No more words;
Try it with your swords!
Try it with the arms of your bravest and your best!
You are proud of your manhood, now put it to the test;
Not another word;
Try it by the sword!

407

I gave my soldier-boy a blade ;
In fair Damascus fashioned well :
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

408

Oh, Ireland, my country, the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed,
And the chain that was spurned in thy moments of
power
Hangs heavy around thee at last.
There are marks in the fate of each clime,
There are times in the fortunes of men,
But the changes of realms and the chances of time
Shall never restore thee again.

409

“Our fathers,” says he, “that their sons might be free,
Left their King on his throne and came over the sea ;
And that man is a knave or a fool who, to save
His life, for a minute would live like a slave.”

410

They planted them together — our gallant sires of
old —

Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one
with solar gold.

They planted them together, — on the world's majestic
height ;

At Saratoga's deathless charge ; at Eutaw's stubborn
fight.

411

A light is out in Italy,

A golden tongue of purest flame.

We watched it burning, long and lone

And every watcher knew its name,

And knew from whence its fervor came :

That one rare light of Italy,

Which put self-seeking souls to shame !

412

Our past is bright and grand

On the purpling tints of time,

And the present of our land

Points to glories more sublime.

For our destiny is won,

And 'tis ours to lead the van

Of the nations marching on,

Of the moving hosts of Man.

413

We look'd upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perish'd kindred
Where the Lee or Shannon flows ;
We look'd upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might —
To conquer or to die.

414

High over all whom might or mind made great,
Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts,
Exalted not by politician's arts,
Yet with a will to meet and master fate,
And skill to rule a young, divided State ;
Greater by what was not than what was done —
Alone on History's height stands Washington.

415

Tears, love, and honor he shall have,
Through ages keeping green his grave.
Too late approved, too early lost,
His story is the people's boast.
Tough-sinewed offspring of the soil,
Of peasant lineage, reared to toil,
In Europe he had been a thing
To the glebe tethered — here a king.

416

Into the Devil tavern

Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splashed
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropped a crust,
And stared at the guests with a frown ;
Then drew their swords, and roared for a toast,
“ God send this Crum — well — down ! ”

417

A mother's hopes, a mother's fears,
A school-boy's triumphs and his tears,
A dear girl's love, a stolen kiss,
A mutual vow for good or ill,
A year or more of wedded bliss,
A new-made grave beyond the hill.

418

I have got a new-born sister ;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten ! —
She will shortly be to christen ;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

419

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear ;
Only a life to love
While we are here ;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest ;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

420

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise !
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies ;
God's sunshine, Baby Louise !

421

If by any device or knowledge
The rose-bud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rose-bud forever,
Nor into its fulness grow.
And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet,
Thou would'st be a child forever,
Completer while incomplete.

422

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed ;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace !
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

423

When thou, in all thy loveliness,
Sweet Rosalie, wert mine,
Of Earth's one more, of Heaven's one less,
I counted things divine.
But since the lilies o'er thy breast
Out of the sweetness spring,
Of love's delight I miss the rest
And keep alone the sting.

424

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child !
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee.

425

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.
So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

426

She died in beauty ! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem ;
She died in beauty ! like a pearl
Dropped from some diadem.
She died in beauty ! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake ;
She died in beauty ! like the song
Of birds amid the brake.

427

I cannot make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet, when my eyes now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there !

428

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

429

The baby wept ;
'The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its griefs, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.
Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

430

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re
sh
sh
Thou raisest to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest ;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And standest in heaven's account the oldest.

431

No soul at last is truly great
That was not greatly true at first ;
In childhood's play are seeds of fate,
Whose flower in manhood's work shall burst.

432

O Earth ! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain !
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain ;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

—

433

By trifles, in our common ways,
Our characters are slowly piled ;
We lose not all our yesterdays ;
The man has something of the child :
Part of the Past to all the Present cleaves,
As the rose odors linger in the fading leaves.

434

There's hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea ;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie !

435

Two things are ever with us, youth and death —
The faun that pipes, and Pluto unbeguiled ;
From age to age still plays the eternal child,
Nor heeds the eternal doom that followeth.
Ah, precious days of unreflecting breath !

436

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last ;
The world which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays,
But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

437

The old days we remember,
How softly did they glide,
While all untouched by worldly care
We wandered side by side !
In those pleasant days, when the sun's last rays
Just lingered on the hill,
Or the moon's pale light with the coming night
Shone o'er our pathway still.

438

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day.

439

Children are we, our airy bubbles blowing,
Laughing, we see them lightly float away,
Life's sterner side unheeding, or unknowing,
We clutch at pleasure while 'tis called to-day.
To-day, and yet to-day, and so time wingeth,
And armour rusts the while, and hearts grow cold.
The bubble's gone, e'en with the mirth it bringeth,
Cheerless and lone, we wake to find us old.

440

Not so much nearer wisdom is a man than a boy, for-
sooth,
Though, in scorn of what has come and gone, he hates
the ways of his youth.

441

Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay .
Fond hopes, of innocence and fancy born !
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

442

In youth there comes a west-wind
Blowing our bloom away, —
A chilly breath of Autumn
Out of the lips of May.
We bear the ripe fruit after, —
Ah, me ! for the thought of pain ! —
We know the sweetness and beauty
And the heart-bloom never again.

443

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away —
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

444

We will not deplore them, the days that are past ;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast ;
They are lengthened by sorrow and sullied by care ;
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare ;
Yet now that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before !

445

'Tis but the joyous quality
Of life, that pricks his heart with glee.
So blithe, so rash, he cannot guess
What burdens gather to oppress,
What world-old wrestlers, staunch and grim,
Sit by the wayside waiting him ;
Whose savage grapple without ruth,
Unlocks the tender joints of youth.

446

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn : bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells the sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand : but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

447

Let the curtain come down. Let the scene pass
away —
There's an autumn when summer has squander'd her
day :
We sit by the fire when we can't by the lamp,
And re-people the banquet, re-soldier the camp.
O, nothing can rob us of memory's gold.

448

Why are we captive, such as I,
Mature in age and strong in will,
To one who harps so plaintively ?
I struck at him : why lives he still ?
Why lives he still ? Because the ruth
Of those pure days may never die.
He lives because his name is Youth,
Because his harp is Memory.

449

Days of my youth, ye have glided away ;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray ;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone ;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

450

I came at morn — 'twas spring, I smiled,
The fields with green were clad ;
I walked abroad at noon, — and lo !
'Twas summer, — I was glad ;
I sat me down ; 'twas autumn eve,
And I with sadness wept ;
I laid me down at night, and then
'Twas winter, — and I slept.

45¹

When time has passed, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye the song will maist delight
That minds ye o' lang syne.

45²

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain ;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

453

Droppeth now from off my head
A silver hair :
Plainer preacher never said —
“ For death prepare ! ”
Fill'd with gloom
We follow Time with solemn tread
To the tomb.

454

Youth longs and Manhood strives ; but Age remembers ;
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past ;
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

455

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground ;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

456

'Tis late, and I must haste away,
My usual hour of rest is near —
And do you press me, youths, to stay —
To stay and revel longer here ?
Then give me back the scorn of care
Which spirits light in health allow,
And give me back the dark brown hair
Which curl'd upon my even brow.

457

Hours of my noontide,
Fast are ye flying ;
Green leaves of summer
Fading and dying.
Echoes of memory
Yet I would cherish ;
Swept by the autumn wind, —
Listen ; they perish !

458

Well, — give the little years their way ;
Think, speak, and act the while ;
Lift up the bare front to the day,
And make their wrinkles smile.
They mould the noblest living head ;
They carve the best tomb for the dead.

459

But when 'tis winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat, —
Oh ! then 'tis sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together.

460

Wherefore should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
Oh, why should mortal man be proud ?
His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

461

The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into the eternal main,
No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When wingèd time, which fixed the prints, is past.

462

They dig for hell beneath,
They labor hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
 To overtake it.
Hell is not had for naught,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labor sought—
 They'll not forsake it.

463

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
And mark in all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant, Man, has been,
 There Peace, the cherub, can not stay,
In wilds and woodlands far away,
She builds her solitary bower,
Where only anchorites have trod,
Or friendless men, to worship God,
Have wandered for an hour.

464

Man ! foolish man !

Scarce know'st thou how thyself began ;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art ;
Yet steeled with studied boldness, thou darest try
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity.

465

Lord, what am I ? A worm, dust, vapor, nothing !
What is my life ? A dream, a daily dying !
What is my flesh ? My soul's uneasy clothing !
What is my time ? A minute ever flying !
My time, my flesh, my life, and I —
What are we, Lord, but vanity ?

466

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth ?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas ! is nothing worth.
Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age —
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from our-
selves.

467

Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping ?
Sin, their conception : their birth, weeping :
Their life, a general mist of error ;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.

468

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way, —
There's nothing calm but Heaven !

469

As lightning glance of seraphim, thou sitt'st
Before the builded throne of symphonies,
Thyself a fragile instrument of strains
Immortal, that long ages, ages hence,
Though thou art dust, shall mourn from Earth to
Heaven,
With voice sublime, the doom of Paradise.

470

A sacred spark created by his breath,
The immortal mind of man his image bears ;
A spirit living 'mid the forms of death,
Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares.

471

O man ! thy fabric's like a well-formed state ;
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the
 great,
Passions plebeians are, which factions raise ;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze ;
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise :
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies :
That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and power, submit ;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tossed,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.

472

All things in nature are proportionate ;
Is man alone in an imperfect state, —
He who doth all things rule and regulate ? —
 Then where the dead ?
If here they perish, where their being's germ, —
Here were their thoughts', their hopes', their wishes'
 term, —
Why should a giant's strength propel a worm ? —
 The dead ! the dead !

473

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

474

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives :
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun :
So two consistent motions act the soul ;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature linked the general frame
And bade self-love and social be the same.

475

Goaded by fears, by doubts perplexed,
By rival gusts of logic vexed,
Baffled by *whither*, *whence*, and *why*,
To thee, O Truth, to thee I cry :
“ Hide not thy nectar-nippled breast —
Boundless my thirst, life-old my quest —
O hide no more, but satisfy,
Though I grow drunk, or mad, or die ! ”

476

O weary woman, thine the weary work !

477

Charming woman can true converts make,
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake ;
Virtue in her appears so bright and gay,
We hear with pleasure, and with pride obey.

478

Ye watchful sprites, who make e'en man your care,

479

You are not free because you're more than fair.

480

No stars shine brighter than the kingly man,
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies ;
And the white banner of his manhood bears,
Through all the years uplifted to the skies.

481

O woman !

Such is thy varying nature, that the waves
Are not more fluctuating than thy opinion,
Nor sooner are displaced.

482

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights ;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

483

Women are poets if you so take them,
One-third poet — the rest what chance
Of man and marriage may choose to make them.

484

They curse the glass, and let it take no rest ;
They pass and spy who gazeth on their face ;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best ;
They hark and mark who marketh most their grace ;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace ;
They jealous are of every sight they see ;
They strive to seem, but never care to be.

485

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they made men bond
By service long to purchase their good-will ;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

486

How little flattering is a woman's love !
Worth to the heart, come how it may, a world ;
Worth to men's measures of their own deserts,
If weighed in wisdom's balance, merely nothing.

How little flattering is a woman's love !
Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest
And propped with most advantage.

487

'Tis woman's hate of womankind
That makes our lives a wretched span ;
Since you will scorn a woman so,
O, why forgive a man ?

488

Women's rage, like shallow water,
Does not show their hurtless nature ;
When the stream seems rough and frowning,
There is then less fear of drowning.

489

Man ever is an Adam, woman Eve :
He asks to taste the apple in her hand,
And, when he's eaten it and is arraigned,
Exclaims, " Behold, the woman gave it me ! "

490

In woman is all truth and steadfastness.

491

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal ;
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the mighty army roll ;
And God, who made man's body strong, made also the
woman's soul.

492

Be a woman ! on to duty !
 Raise the world from all that's low ;
Place high in the social heaven
 Virtue's fair and radiant bow ;
Lend thy influence to each effort
 That shall raise our nature human
Be not fashion's gilded lady, —
 Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

493

Though she may not in the battle
 Bravely lead men to the fight —
Though she may not wield the sabre
 For the right against the might ;
She can hover near the bedside
 Where the wounded soldier lies —
She can cheer his dying moments,
 Watch beside him till he dies.

494

But never, in her varied sphere,
Is woman to the heart more dear
Than when her homely task she plies,
With cheerful duty in her eyes ;
And, every lowly path well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God.

495

I hardly know the reason why, —
But women are so made ;
I could not give a man a rose
To see it 'neath his tread,
Although he trod on it, indeed,
To save his very soul
From stifling in the thoughts of me
Its sweetness might enroll.

496

She's one, who when she fills the term for which on
earth she's sent to us,
Flies back to heaven the angel that she was when she
was lent to us.

497

Woman ! bless'd partner of our joys and woes !
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnish'd yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill !

498

Woman's empire, holier, more refined,
Moulds, moves, and sways the fallen yet God-breathed
mind,
Lifting the earth-crushed heart to hope and heaven.

499

Oh sorrow ! where on earth hast thou not sped
Thy fatal arrows ! on what lovely head
Hast thou not poured, alas ! thy bitter phial,
And cast some shadow on the Spirit's dial !
Why, why hast thou selected woman's heart,
To be the mark for thy unerring dart ?

500

For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear ;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear ;
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here ;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe and age they cheer.

501

There still remains this for all time to be :
The war of the world was fought for me.
Give them no pity that died for me there,
Men can never more die for a face so fair.
And what does it matter that now they lie,
Quiet and silent beneath the sky ?
Remember that none evermore can be
Back for those years in Troy with me.

502

You say, sir, once a wit allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud,
Accept a simile as soon
Between a woman and the moon ;
For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

503

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage ;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free ;
Brave, not romantic ;
Learned, not pedantic ;
Frolic, not frantic —
This must he be.

504

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above —
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.
Do you know that you have asked for this priceless
thing
As a child might ask for a toy ?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

505

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue ;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

506

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command ;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill ;
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed at your
will.

Be gay and good-humored, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind ;

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

507

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod !
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God !
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

508

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night
for me.

509

I saw a young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array ;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future look'd blooming and gay :
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.

510

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing,
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O Spring of my spirit ! O May of my bosom !
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom ;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

511

What could she be ! Oh, shame ! I blush to think what
 she has been,
 The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
 Yes, plain and homely now she is ; she's ignorant, 'tis
 true ;
 For me she rubbed herself quite out ; I represent the
 two.

512

Oh ! give me back that royal dream
 My fancy wrought,
 When I have seen your sunny eyes
 Grow moist with thought ;
 And fondly hoped, dear Love, your heart from mine
 Its spell had caught ;
 And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
 But true, methought,
 Of how *my* life's long task would be, to make *yours*
 blessed as it ought.

513

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
 By nature wise, not learned by much art ;
 Some knowledge on her part, will, all her life,
 More scope of conversation impart ;
 Besides her inborn virtue fortify ;
 They are most firmly good, that best know why.

514

Another daughter dries a father's tears ;
Another sister claims a brother's love ;
An injured husband hath no other wife,
Save her who wrought him shame.

515

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam !
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

516

Have I a wish ? — 'tis all her own ;
All hers and mine are roll'd in one, —
Our hearts are so entwined,
That like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

517

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day !
Till the heart which at even was weary and cold
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife ;
To its work in the morning gay.

518

This truth is manifest — a gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life ;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who wisely keep their Honeymoon.

519

How happy a thing were a wedding,
 And a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife
 For a twelvemonth and a day ;
But to live with her all a man's life,
 Forever and for aye,
Till she grows as gray as a cat,
Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me from that !

520

Marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.

521

My fond affection thou hast seen,
 Then judge of my regret
To think more happy thou hadst been
 If we had never met !

522

Man is for woman made,
And woman made for man :
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

523

The parent love the wedded love includes,
The one permits the two their mutual moods,
The two each other know 'mid myriad multitudes ;
With childlike intellect discerning love,
And mutual action energizing love,
In myriad forms affiliating love.
A world whose seasons bloom from pole to pole,
A force which knows both starting-point and goal,
A home in heaven — the union in the soul.

524

“ Till Death us part.”
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom ;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

525

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

526

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest ;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah ! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah ! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn. ,

527

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the soul of bliss ;
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.

528

This little spot of earth you stand upon
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys of power unknown ;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

529

"From henceforth no more twain, but one."

Yet ever one through being twain,
As self is ever lost and won

Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain ;
And both their full perfection reach,
Each growing the full self through each.

530

Ah me, my love ! the darkness falls

Full soon to shroud our brightest dreaming ;
And golden roofs and crystal walls

Are based, too oft, on cloudy seeming ;
But, hand in hand, and heart with heart,

We twain abide the twilight hoary,
And wait until the shadows part
That hide from us our House of Glory.

531

One wild flower from the path of love,

All lowly though it lie,
Is dearer than the wreath that waves
To stern ambition's eye.

Give me the boon of love !

The lamp of fame shines far,
But love's soft light glows near and warm—
A pure and household star.

532

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gayly that came at my call ;—
Give me them ! and the peace of mind dearer than all !

533

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one ;
I thought that morning cloud was bless'd,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

534

Like Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.

535

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

536

Love's life is in its own replies, —
To each low beat it beats,
Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,
And every throb repeats.
Then, since one loving heart still throws
Two shadows in love's sun,
How should two loving hearts compose
And mingle into one?

537

Thos Arnold
I too have suffer'd: yet I know
She is not cold, though she seems so:
She is not cold, she is not light;
But our ignoble souls lack might.

538

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,
She is coming, my belovèd o'er the sea!
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
And my heart will not be quiet,
But in a "purple riot,"
Keeps ever madly beating,
At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea.

539

Drops from the ocean of eternity,
Rays from the centre of unfailing light,
Things that the human eye can never see
Are spirits, — yet they dwell near human sight.
But as the shattered magnet's fragments still,
Though far apart, will to each other turn, —
So in the breast imprisoned spirits will
To meet their fellow spirits vainly burn.

540

I have another life — a life I long to meet :
Without which life my life is incomplete.
Ah ! sweeter self, like me art thou astray,
Trying with all thy soul to find the way
To mine ? Straying like mine to find the breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest.

541

Yet well content with blessed discontent
I dream my dream, nor care to waken soon ;
The dream bides fair, though fairer far be meant,
Let the white dawn delay the golden noon.
So watch, my heart, and let me dream my dream ;
Watch and awake me when the time shall come ;
Perhaps our prince is nearer than we deem,
But greet him thou — my dream may make me dumb.

542

O, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing !

543

For you and I are far apart ;
And never may we meet ;
Till you are glad and grand, sweetheart,
Till I am fair and sweet.
Till morning light has kissed us white
As highest Alpine snow,
Till both are brave and bright of sight —
Go wander high or low,
Sweetheart ;
For God will have it so.

544

For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle.

545

Part in peace — Christ's life was peace ;
Let us live our life in Him ;
Part in peace — Christ's death was peace ;
Let us die our death in Him.
Part in peace — Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease :
Brethren, sisters ! part in peace.

546

Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain.

547

Good-night ; I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things ;
Good-night unto that fragile hand,
All queenly with its weight of rings ;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there —
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good-night again.

*James Bail
Aldrich*

548

Be kind, dear Love, and never say, " Good-bye ! "
But always when we're parting — " Till to-morrow ; "
So shall my lips forget to frame a sigh,
And Hope smile fondly in the face of Sorrow.

549

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
Ae fare weel, alas ! forever !

55⁰

Now, love ! with paths divided, hands asunder,
Now we have learned the meaning, you and I,
Hid in the misty sky, the dark sea under,
Hid in those words I spoke, and knew not why —
 “Some measure love by gold,
 By endless time, by soundless sea ;
But I — I love you well enough
 To leave you, love, if needs must be.”

55¹

We parted in silence — our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling ;
We vow'd we would never — no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling ;
But those lips that echo'd the sounds of mine
Are as cold as the lonely river ;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

55²

They parted — ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between.

553

He is gone, O my heart, he is gone ;
And the sea remains, and the sky ;
And the skiffs flit in and out,
And the white-winged yachts go by.
And the waves run purple and green,
And the sunshine glints and glows,
And freshly across the Bay
The breath of the morning blows.

554

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

555

Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a
street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lag-
ging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.

*Francis William
Burdell*

556

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried ;
When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving side by side.

557

It may not be. Good-night, dear friend, good-night !
And when you see the violets again,
And hear, through boughs with swollen buds awhite,
The gentle falling of the April rain,
Remember her whose young life held thy name
With all things holy, in its outward flight,
And turn sometimes from busy haunts of men
To hear again her low good-night ! good-night !

558

Softly ;
She is lying
With her lips apart ;
Softly ;
She is dying of a broken heart.

559

I have just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving,
And all of its power for pleasure and pain
Been slowly, sadly proving ;
And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid —
A coffin under the daisies.

560

When earth is dark and memory
Pale in the heaven above, —
The heart can bear to lose its joy,
But not to cease to love,
But what shall guide the choice within,
Of guilt or agony, —
When to remember is to sin,
And to forget — to die !

561

Of her that bore too long the smart
Of love delayed, yet keeping green
Love's lilies for the one unseen,
Counselling but her woman's heart,
Chose in all ways life's better part ; —
Arcadian Evangeline.

562

He loved two women ; one whose soul was clean
As any lily growing on its stalk ;
And one with glowing eyes and sensuous mien,
Who fired him with her beauty and her talk.
The pure one loved him till the day he died,
But when he died his dearest friend she wed.
The wanton from the wild world drew aside,
And no man saw her face till she was dead.

563

He came too late ! Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long ;
Her love had yielded to her pride,
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorn'd the offering of a heart
Which linger'd on its way,
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

564

O bitterness of things too sweet !
O broken singing of the dove !
Love's wings are over fleet,
And like the panther's feet
The feet of love.

565

MISTRUST ! an ever-tattling brook
That winds thro' Love's heritage ! —
The head-lines in a lover's book,
Creeping along from page to page !

566

How does a man love ? Once for all,
The sweetest voices of life may call,
Sorrow daunt him, or death dismay,
Joy's red roses bedeck his way ;
Fortune smile, or jest, or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down,
Loss betray him, or love delight,
Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake,
Though souls may madden, or weak hearts break,
Better than wife, or child, or pelf,
Once and forever, he loves — himself.

567

Ah, yes ! Thy love was like the stars, but not
Like faithful stars which gleam with steadfast light,
But as a darting aerolite, swift shot
Athrough the blackness of a sombre night,
Fading as quickly, and as soon forgot.

568

Love not, love not ! The thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you ;
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

569

Love's but the frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition joined ;
A sickly flame, which, if not fed, expires,
And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

570

No Phyllis, no ; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try ;
And to revenge my slighted love
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

571

I loved thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame ;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same ?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain :
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifths fool their love away !

572

When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

573

*my wouter
montagu*

You should leave us to guess by your blushing,
And not speak the matter too plain ;
'Tis ours to write and be pushing,
'Tis yours to affect a disdain.
That you are in a terrible taking,
By all these sweet oglings I see ;
But the fruit that can fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

574

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a
maid ;
For we both agreed in a-doubting whether matrimony
paid.
Besides, I had my higher aims, for science filled my
heart ;
And she said her young affections were all wound up
in art.

575

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Heigh-ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !

576

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst ;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst.
By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow ;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

577

I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.
I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find ;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
But break them when she is kind.

578

Why are the bands of friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the most forgot ?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to indifference ?

579

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together ;
And am likely to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.
Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

580

She's a sweet little damsel of twenty,
A mixture of sadness and fun,
Of lovers I know she has plenty, —
This sorrowful rhymer is one.
If only on me she'd take pity,
My highest delight I'd attain,
For I'm but a clerk in the city ;
And she is — my Lady Disdain.

581

“ You gave me the key to your heart, my love ;
Then why do you make me knock ? ”

“ O, that was yesterday, Saints above !
And last night I changed the lock.”

582

“Yes, I liked you at first, I must confess,
And a week ago I might have been won,
But that is all over,” she pensively sighed,
“For I find that you are only a younger son.”

583

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at Love's suspected name,
With that of Friendship soothe her ear —
True Love and Friendship are the same.

584

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how do I love thee !
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power ;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

585

Lo! whilst I fondly look upon
Thy lovely face, drinking the tone
Of thy sweet voice, my early known, —
My long, long loved, — my dearest grown, —
I feel thou art
A joy, a part
Of all I prize in soul and heart.

586

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
Nor do I covet her for sensual pleasure,
Nor for that old morality,
Do I love her 'cause she loves me.
Sure he that loves his lady 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.

587

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free ;
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me ;
Oh ! remember, be sure to be there,
For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes !

588

Ask what you will, my own and only love ;
For to love's service true,
Your least wish sways me as from worlds above,
And I yield all to you
Who art the only she,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

589

Did I love thee less,
Then might I love thee more ; but now my soul
Is filled throughout with perfect tenderness ;
No part of me thou hast, but the full whole.

590

Time turneth into nought each princely state ;
Time brings a flood from new-resolvèd snow ;
Time calms the sea where tempest was of late ;
Time eats whate'er the moon can see below ;
And yet no time prevails in my behoof,
Nor any time can make me cease to love !

591

What joy can be greater than this is ?
My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
But those who can number their kisses
Will always with few be content.

592

A kiss now that will hang upon my lips
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.

593

Love is like a landscape which doth stand,
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

594

The theme is old — even as the flowers are old,
That sweetly showed
Their silver bosses and bright-budding gold
Through Eden's sod ;
And still peep forth through grass and garden mould,
As fresh from God !

595

Ah ! what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too ;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest face to frown :
And then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

596

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish ;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.
It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal,
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

597

Love, a child, is ever crying ;
Please him and he straight is flying ;
Give him, he the more is craving,
Never satisfied with having.

598

How sweet I roamed from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide !
He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow ;
He led me through his garden fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

599

When vex'd by cares and harrass'd by distress,
The storms of fortune fill thy soul with dread,
Let Love, consoling Love, still sweetly bless,
And his assuasive balm benignly shed :
His downy plumage, o'er thy pillow spread,
Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose ;
To Love the tender heart hath ever fled,
As on its mother's breast the infant throws
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

600

He loves not well whose love is bold :
I would not have thee come too nigh.
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky :
To take him thence and chain him near
Would make his beauty disappear.

601

O love ! 'tis a wonderful passion ;
It makes or it mars us all ;
By love men may walk with the angels,
By love the angels may fall.

602

A glance — a touch of hands ! and Love is born,
A hopeful, untried child, with vague desires
Showing through limpid eyes like unknown fires
That shine through pure pale stars at early morn.

603

O naked baby Love among the roses,
Watching with laughing eyes for me,
Who says that thou art blind ? Who hides from thee
Who is it in his foolishness supposes
That ever a bandage round thy sweet face closes
Thicker than a gauze ? I know that thou canst see !

604

Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands
Is born of love. And every song of bird
That floats mellifluous on the balmy air,
Is but a love-note. Heaven is full of love ;
Its starry eyes run o'er with tenderness,
And soften every heart that meets their gaze,
As downward looking on this wayward world
They light it back to God.

605

Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love !
But sweeter to be loved again.

606

Love is a golden star,
A fragrance of the night,
A rainbow in the air,
A cloud, a lost delight ;
Love, 'tis the sense of Heaven near,
The memory of Heaven gone,
The last leaf of the lingering year,
The faint smell of the dawn.

607

Beauties, like stars, in borrowed lustre shine.

608

The warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name ;
The love that lures thee from that fight
Lures thee to shame :
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free, —
That love, or none, is fit for one
Man-shaped like thee.

609

Divinest, supremest,
Crowned Queen of the Quick and the Dead ;
She is more than thou dreamest,
O soul of desire and of dread !
She is Spring-time and Gladness,
And rapture all glory above ;
She is Longing and Sadness ;
She is Birth — she is Death — she is Love !

610

She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

611

When voyagers make a foreign port,
And leave their precious prize,
Returning home they bear for freight
A bartered merchandise.
Alas! when you come back to me,
And come not as of yore,
But with your alien wealth and peace,
Can we be lovers more?

612

The earth is fairer since she is,
And nearer leans the happy sky;
And half his terrors death shall miss,
Because my lady, too, must die.

613

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

614

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face
The lineaments of Gospel books.

615

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more ;
'Twas Eden's light on earth awhile, and then no more.
Amid the throng she passed along the meadow floor ;
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no
more.

But whence she came, which way she went, what garb
she wore,

I noted not ; I gazed awhile, and then no more.

616

She came in September,
And if she were o'erlaid with lily leaves,
And substantived by mere content of dews,
Or limb'd of flower-stalks and sweet pedicles,
Or made of golden dust from thigh of bees,
Or caught of morning mist, or the unseen
Material of an odor, her pure text
Could seem no more remote from the corrupt
And seething compound of our common flesh !

617

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss — my pet ;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and kissed —
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world — my pet.

618

She is seven, by the calendar,
A lily's almost as tall ;
But oh ! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me !
To spurn, and scorn, and scout me !
But ah ! I've a notion it's naught but play,
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me.

619

She is modest but not bashful,
Free and easy but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old.
Half inviting, half repulsing,
Now advancing, and now shy ; —
There is mischief in her dimple —
There is danger in her eye.

620

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

621

Her robes of state are as pure as snow,
In every heart she finds a throne,
In all the land she has no foe ;
The name of rebel is unknown.
Her loyal subjects, low and high,
Full many a costly tribute bring ;
The glories of her kingdom, I
Her humble poet laureate sing.

622

Merry Margaret, as midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon, or hawk of the tower ;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness,
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly.

623

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee, those pearly treasures drew ?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye ?

624

For all thine artless elegance,
And all thy native grace,
For the music of thy mirthful voice,
And the sunshine of thy face ;
For thy guileless look and speech sincere,
Yet sweet as speech can be,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie,
Here's a hearty health to thee !

625

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow ;
Swift as swallow when, athwart the western flood,
Circling the surface, he meets his mirrored winglets,
Is the dear one in her maiden bud.

626

The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kiss'd them into heat.

627

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright,
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

628

Her little motions when she spoke,
The presence of an upright soul,
The living light that from her broke,
It was the perfect whole :
We saw it in her floating hair,
We saw it in her laughing eye ;
For every look and feature there
Wrought works that cannot die.

629

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime ;
Thy voice excell'd the closes
Of sweetest rhyme ;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

630

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

631

I sincerely envy him
Who the fortune had to limn
Your bewitching hazel eyes
With his bursh :
Who would study ev'ry grace
In your winsome little face,
And the subtle charm that lies
In your blush.

632

A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

633

Those eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy,
Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star
Do ye drink in your liquid melancholy?

634

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

635

“Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true-love down by yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow, yestereen, at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie, where flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o’ her saft-rolling ee!
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?”

636

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feelings cool,
But she was trained in Nature’s school,
Nature had blest her.

637

She has a tender, winning way,
And walks the earth with gentle grace;
And roses with the lily play
Amid the beauties of her face.

638

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

639

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

640

Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace ;
All, all divine — no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

641

'Tis much immortal beauty to admire,
But more immortal beauty to withstand ;
The perfect soul can overcome desire,
If beauty with divine delight be scanned.

642

One thing I warn thee : bow no knee to gold ;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue ;
It turns the feelings prematurely old,
And they who keep their best affections young,
Best love the Beautiful !

643

What is beauty? Alas! 'tis a jewel, a glass,
A bubble, a plaything, a rose,
'Tis the snow, dew, or air; 'tis so many things rare
That 'tis nothing, one well may suppose,
'Tis a jewel, Love's token; glass easily broken,
A bubble that vanisheth soon;
A plaything that boys cast aside when it cloy,
A rose quickly faded and strewn.

644

Only the Beautiful is real!
All things of which our life is full,
All mysteries that life inwreathes,
Birth, life, death,
All that we dread or darkly feel, —
All are but shadows, and the Beautiful
Alone is real.

645

Not where long-passed ages sleep,
Seek we Eden's golden trees;
In the future folded deep
Are its mystic harmonies.
All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

646

The men who march before their kind
 Into the dark must bear the light :
Its glory glows for those behind :
 These ever chase the flying night.

647

Our shadows, that lay behind us,
 Ere the noonday sun passed o'er us,
 Now darken the path before us,
As we walk away from our morning.

648

Darkness before, all joy behind !
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind :
He soonest reads the lesson right
Who reads with back against the light !

649

When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins ;
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn.

650

The pains and griefs of other days
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet ;
But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

651

One sweet spring morn, when skies were bright,
And the earth was green and gay, —
When fields were bathed in golden light,
And feathery mist-wreaths, thin and white,
Were hung on cliff and mountain height,
Like chaplets twined by the hand of Night
To bind the brow of Day, —
All playfully along the wild,
Quaffing the breezes pure and mild,
A thoughtless, merry-hearted child,
I took my careless way !

652

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

653

Fair night of June
Yon silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
Faint-floating, plays,
In moonlit lays,
A melody of other days.
'Tis sacred ground;
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

654

In melancholy fancy,
Out of myself,
In the vulcan dancy,
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping,
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

655

No tributes laid on castles in the air.

656

I bend above the moving stream,
And see myself in my own dream, —
Heaven passing, while I do not pass.
Something divine pertains to me,
Or I to it: reality
Escapes me on this liquid glass.

657

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me:
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

658

My thoughts by night are often fill'd
With visions false as fair;
For in the Past alone I build
My castles in the air.
I dwell not now on what may be;
Night shadows o'er the scene:
But still my fancy wanders free
Through that which might have been.

659

Thought ! that in me works and lives, —
Life to all things living gives, —
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance ?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciest sprung
From thyself, — thyself a dream, —
Of the world's thinking thou the theme ?

660

Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure ;
They who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting, starve, laughing, weep,
Playing smart ; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes beguiling.
Thoughts fly away ; Time hath passed them ;
Wake now, awake ! see and taste them !

661

I burned my ships, and then I wished them back,
Because some spray clung round them of the sea,
That dearer was than any land to me.

662

Dreams, loveliest mutabilities of ever-changeful earth !
Beauteous and precious blossoming of Time's cold
desert dearth,
Incarnadining life's gray mists with sun hues of the
south,
And brightening life's horizon-rim with the orient fires
of youth.

663

Whether of high or low degree,
All men and women have ships at sea ;
Some are speeding over the main,
And will never return again ;
Some that have sailed the world around,
With precious freight are homeward bound ;
Some are tossed where the breakers free
Leap over the wrecks down into the sea.

664

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in ;
At mast-head and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in ;
Love, hope, and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in.

665

Every sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport ;
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And contented watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

666

Softly it stole up out of the sea,
The day that brought my dole to me ;
Slowly into the star-sown gray
Dim and dappled it soared away.
Who would have dreamed such tender light
Was brimming over with bale and blight ?
Who would have dreamed that fitful breeze
Fanned from the tumult of tossing seas ?
Oh, softly and slowly stole up from the sea
The day that brought my dole to me.

667

She sailed across the harbor-bar,
And sunshine glimmered in her track, —
But morning's light or evening's star
Shines not upon her coming back.

668

Alas ! how easily things go wrong ;
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist, and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.
Alas ! how hardly things go right ;
'Tis hard to watch on a Summer's night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the Summer's night is a Winter's day.

669

One forgets the sigh and the kiss too long,
In a glory of gladness and sunshine and song ;
Sweet meanings come and new heights arise,
And life is transfigured in Paradise.

670

And yet how easily things go right,
If the sigh and the kiss of the Winter's night
Come deep from the soul, in the stronger ray
That is born in the light of the Winter's day.

671

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

672

Beating into the harbor,
When the cloud-dimmed sun is low,
And over the stormy waters
The gull and the petrel go ;
With sails all torn and rifted,
And cordage wrecked and gone,
The worn ship seeks a haven —
Dismantled, spent, forlorn.

673

“ Ho, there ! fisherman, hold your hand !
Tell me what is that far away —
There, where over the Isle of Sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray ;
See ! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife —
Tell me, what is it, fisherman, pray ! ”

674

And I am tired ! — so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do !
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running
through.

675

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
That awaits us on the road ;
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load ;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er may be ;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea ?

676

I live among the cold, the false,
And I must seem like them ;
And such I am, for I am false
As those I most condemn.
I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
My tongue its softest tone ;
I borrow others' likeness, till
Almost I lose my own.

677

I hold
Those lives far nobler that contend and win
The close, hard fight with beautiful, fierce Sin,
Than those that go untempted to their graves,
Deeming the ignorance that haply saves
Their souls, some splendid wisdom of their own.

678

Tempests their furious course may sweep
Swiftly o'er the troubled deep,
Darkness may lend her gloomy aid
And wrap the groaning world in shade ;
But man can show a darker hour,
And bend beneath a stronger power ; —
There is a tempest of the SOUL,
A gloom where wilder billows roll.

679

I stood at eve, as the sun went down,
By a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
With the light of her wanton eyes.
Who sang the song that the Siren sang
On the treacherous Durley height,
Whose face was fair as the summer's day,
But whose heart was as black as night.

680

Though heaven be sweet to win,
One thing is sweeter yet — freedom to side with hell !
In man succeeds or fails this great creative plan ;
Man's liberty to sin
Makes worth God's winning the love even God may
not compel.

681

Virtue were but a name, if Vice
Had no dominion here,
And pleasure none could taste, if pain
And sorrow were not near.
The fatal cup all must drain
Of mingled bliss and woe ;
Unmixed the cup would tasteless be,
Or quite forget to flow.

682

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul.

683

The road to the Devil, before it's made,
Seems the fairest road that was ever surveyed ;
The road to the Devil when beaten and trod,
On the map of the heart, is the Devil's own road.

684

Ha !— see where the wild-blazing Grog-Shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years
The horrible Light-House of Hell !

685

Better be mum,
And always dumb
Than pray with some, —
Thy Kingdom come!
Then vote for rum.

686

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink :
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

687

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

688

Oh, cursèd love of gold !
Age follows age,
And still the world's slow records are unrolled,
Page after page ;
And the same tale is told —
'The same unholy deeds, the same sad scenes unfold !

689

You are coming to woo me, but not as of yore
When I hastened to welcome your ring at the door ;
For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then,
Was the brightest, the truest, the noblest of men.
Your lips, on my own when they printed "Farewell,"
Had never been soiled by "the beverage of hell ;"
But they come to me now with the bacchanal sign,
And the lips that touch liquor must never touch mine.

690

A drop, boys, a drop ! and a seed hath been sown —
Like the upas, ere long that shall spring up on high !
A drop, boys, a drop ! and the curse is thine own ;
Drink, drink, if you will, till the goblet be dry.
But charge not the folly to God, or to "fate !"
No child ever took as a gift from His hand, —
The loving All-Father — this besom of hate,
That burns and consumes, and destroys in the land !

691

O sing unto my roundelay ;
O drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be ;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

692

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labor and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !

693

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride, —
I part from all forever now ;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Poor heart ! distracted, ah, so long —
And still its aching throb to bear ;
How broken, that was once so strong !
How heavy, once so free from care !

694

By our human weal and woe,
By our life of toil below,
By our sorrow and our pain,
By our hope of heavenly gain,
By these cherished forms of clay,
Fading from our sight away,
Do we plead for light, more light,
From that world beyond our sight.

695

Her smile is sadder than her tears.

696

Shall we make hot
The iron of thought,
And then sit down and forge it not?
Alas, the task!
The white iron cools;—
We are but fools,
That live, that suffer, and yet ask
Still, why?

697

Yes! the shores of life are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

698

Nothing but leaves! the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sins committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

699

On that lone shore loud moans the sea, —
But none, alas, shall mourn for me !

700

Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress :
I am sick of loneliness.

701

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be ;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

702

Alas ! 'tis evermore the destiny,
The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost ;
The flower first budded soonest feels the frost :
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest ?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they blessed ?

703

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain :
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

704

A wasted grief was never yet recorded.

705

Sorrow hath no morrow,
'Tis born of yesterday.

706

There's nought in this life so sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy.

707

Long did I bear a hard and heavy chain
Wreathèd with amaranth and asphodel,
But though the flower-wreath stole the weary pain,
I cast it off and fled, but 'twas in vain ;
For when once more I passed by where it fell,
I took it up and bound it on again.

708

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

709

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

710

The Past is fled and gone, and gone :
The Past is fled and gone :
If nought but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on.

711

crean
Methinks all things have travelled since you shined,
But only Time and clouds, Time's team, have moved ;
Again foul weather shall not change my mind,
But in the shade I will believe what in the sun I
loved.

712

With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the rugged way panting for fame,
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon *the half of a name*.

713

Vainly we weep and wrestle with our sorrow —
We cannot see his roads, they lie so broad :
But his eternal day knows no to-morrow,
And life and death are all the same to God.

714

“Tell me, O cruel Hand,”
Said a grain of corn one day,
“Why from the golden sunshine
You bury me away.”
The silence was relentless,
No helper came to save ;
But full ears in the harvest
A perfect answer gave.

715

We may be low, we may be poor,
And think our toil of no account ;
But it will tell on earth, be sure,
And God will reckon its amount.

716

Is this a dream? No! — by the past,
With its dense darkness — pierced at length, —
And by the present, — brightening fast, —
And by the future's noonday's strength,
Earth's truly great and good shall be
Her last, best aristocracy.

717

Whate'er our prizes, or how fair our crown,
Or deep our losses, only this is best, —
The soul's great peace. Nor sneer, nor smile, nor
frown
Can shake it from its rest.
Exalt thy calling! On its spotless shield
Write truth, write honor, valor, first and last.
Cravens may clutch thy stars, and thou not yield;
Love them and hold them fast!

718

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Turn from man and look above thee;
Trust in God and do the right.

—

719

In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free :
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

720

But the proud tree stands up prouder,
While its branches cast their leaves —
And the cold wind whispers louder,
Like a sobbing breath that grieves ;
A heart that's long in breaking,
As a single flower may cling,
All withered, shorn, and quaking,
On the naked stalk till spring.

721

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please ;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe
And share his joys with a genial glow, —
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, — is better than gold.

722

Truth and error are but darkly
Understood.
Each may hold a little measure
Of the light,
Each may give his little treasure
Labelled *right*;
But the eternal search remaineth
Ours to find
Loftier and still loftier Pisgahs
Of the mind.

723

For the dead are the living — the living the dead,
And out of the darkness the light is shed ;
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

724

• The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea ;
The acorn forever and ever
Strives upward to the tree ;
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm ;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.

725

Once a rose ever a rose, we say :
One we loved and who loved us
Remains beloved though gone from day :
To human hearts it must be thus,
The past is sweetly laid away.
Sere and seal'd for a day and year,
Smell them, dear Christina ! pray :
So Nature treats its children dear,
So memory deals with yesterday :
The past is sweetly laid away.

726

Roses shall bloom again,
Sweet love will come again :
It will be summer time, by and by.

727

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !
Even in its very motion there was rest ;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.

728

If yon bright stars which gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere ;
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here ;
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar —
Mixed soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

729

There lies between man's silence and his speech
A shadowy valley, where thro' those who pass
Are never silent, tho' they may not speak ;
And yet they more than breathe. It is the vale
Of wordless sighs, half uttered and half heard.
It is the vale of the unutterable.
We walked between our silence and our speech,
And sighed between the sunset and the stars
One hour beside the sea.

730

Oh glorious gift of brotherhood !
Oh sweet elixir of the blood
That makes us live with those long dead,
Or hope for those that shall be bred
Hereafter !

731

God took my mother's voice and spoke,
And sights and sounds came back and things long
 since,
And all my childhood found me on the hills.

732

There are spots that bear no flowers, —
 Not because the soil is bad,
But that summer's gentle showers
 Never made their bosoms glad.
Better have an act that's kindly
 Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, by judging others blindly,
 Doom the innocent to pain.

733

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
 Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too.

734

Forgive and forget! — why, the world would be lonely,
 The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
 And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

735

Oh ! there be men and women who ne'er owned
Of thy full measured blessings even a tithe :
Whose natural wants, health, money, friends denied,
Might well have sapped the core of sweet content,
And caused them pine, and fret, and weep for change —
Who yet go almost singing on their way :
Such music patience makes in great meek souls.

736

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

737

If men were wise in little things —
Affecting less in all their dealings ;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings ;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together to restore it, —
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

738

Only a word !

But sharper, oh, sharper than a two-edged sword
To pierce and sting and scar
The heart whose peace a breath of blame could mar.

739

Oh ! ye who love, beware lest thorns
Across Love's path ye fling :
Ye little know what misery
From idle words may spring.

740

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again,
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich.

741

The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give.

742

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

743

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful proved,
And cures, because the remedy is loved.

744

No tax is gratitude;
It is the bounteous harvest of the heart
In which was sown, from friendly open hand,
That benefit the sower soon forgot.
Gratitude? it is love's own memory.

745

Ho, gentle maiden! that in warm and lighted rooms
displayst
The naked arm, the naked throat, the almost naked
breast!
Hast thou no angel-charity, no kindness to fulfil
For those on whom this winter storm beats down more
naked still?

746

An archer shot an arrow in the dark,
And laughed, "'Tis but an arrow thrown away ;"
But when he sported forth at dawn of day,
He found his brother lying stiff and stark.

747

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

748

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot, —
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot ;
The road is rough, and the hearse has no springs ;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings :
Rattle his bones over the stones !
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns !

749

Have ye given of your purple to cover ?
Have ye given of your gold to cheer ?
Have ye given of your love, as a lover
Might cherish the bride he held dear ?
Broken the sacrament bread to feed
Souls and bodies in uttermost need ?

75⁰

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives ;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

75¹

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold ?
Balm wouldst thou gather from corroding grief ? —
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty ; not, when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfume throughout the ambient air.

75²

Ah, look within ! Without, the world is fair,
And you are all in love with solitude ;
Yet look within : Evil and Pain are there.
Look, ye who say Life best is understood
Where greenish light falls dappling the moss-floored
wood,
Look at the dumb brute souls who suffer and strive ; —
Leave the dead world, and make their souls alive.

753

Oh, what is the song that the winter winds sing,
As earth they are robing with snows that they bring
From the crystalline realms of the stern ice-king?

“Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!”

754

The best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones,
And bounty to his poor.

755

In all this earth there is not one
So desolate and so undone,
Who hath not rescue if they knew
A heart-cry goes the whole world through.

756

It seems a possibility unguessed —
Or little borne in mind, if haply known —
That he who cheers in trouble all the rest
May now and then have troubles of his own.
Alas! God knows, he has his foe to fight,
His closet-atomy, severe and grim;
All others claim his comfort as of right,
But, hapless parson! who shall comfort *him*?

757

“God bless us every one!” prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.
He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed,
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

758

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know —
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye’s bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair.

759

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, —
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

760

Below lies one whose name was traced in sand —
He died, not knowing what it was to live :
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
And maiden thought electrified his soul :
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.
Pass without a sigh, bewildered reader,
In a proud sorrow ! There is life with God,
In other kingdoms of a sweeter air ;
In Eden every flower is blown. — Amen.

761

There is no calm like that when storm is done ;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release ;
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won

Helen Gray

762

And I learn 'tis best in all things to hold living very
lightly,
Taste the perfumes of the fir-wood, but not linger
there too long,
Lest the mazes of the forest lead to foulnesses un-
sightly,
And a haunting horror clash upon the night-bird's
liquid song.

Edmund

763

For the base is food for laughter,
And the evil only base,
And if virtue lead, thereafter
Can follow no disgrace :
Not in the raiment's measure
Dwells Temperance the treasure,
But in him whom pain nor pleasure,
Can move not from his place.

764

And sweet Experience proves as years increase,
That wisdom's ways are pleasantness and peace.

765

True happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went ; with justice went ;
And went with meekness, charity and love.

766

True — there are books and books. There's Gray,
For instance, and there's Bacon ;
There Longfellow, and Monstrelet,
And also Colton's "Lacon,"
With "Laws of Whist," and those of Libel,
And Euclid, and the Mormon Bible.

767

In torrid heats of late July,
In March, beneath the bitter *bise*,
He book-hunts while the loungers fly, —
He book-hunts, though December freeze ;
In breeches bagged at the knees,
And heedless of the public jeers,
For these, for these, he hoards his fees, —
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

768

‘ How weak are words — to carry thoughts like mine !’
Saith each dull daughter round the much bored Nine.
Yet words sufficed for Shakspeare’s suit when he
Woo’d Time, and won instead Eternity. *W. M. 91 ut*

769

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she’s past her dancing days ;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.

770

My muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt ;
But now I’ve sent the poor old lass to bed,
Simply because my fire is going out.

771

Come hither and listen, whoever
Would learn from our page the miracle
Of passing for witty and clever
Without being voted satirical !
He'd better be apt with his pen,
Than well-dressed and well-booted and gloved,
Who likes to be liked by the men,
By the women who loves to be loved.

772

Tell me, dear Thalia, what you think.
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock ;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink :
On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock ;
And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
We'll travel down there in the morning stages ;
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

773

Oh, if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together, this genial weather,
And carted, or carried, or wafted away,
Nor ever again trotted out — ah me !
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be !

774

Alas for human happiness !
Alas for human sorrow !
Our yesterday is nothingness —
What else will be our morrow ?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses ;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses.

775

So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar ;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

776

Old Time and I, the other night, had a carouse together ;
The wine was golden, warm, and bright, — aye, just like summer weather.
Quoth I, " Here's Christmas come again, and I no farthing richer ;"
Time answered, " Ah ! the old, old strain ! — I prithee pass the pitcher."

777

I will tell, as I am bidden !
Poetry cannot be hidden.
Fire may smoulder, love be dead ;
But a poem must be read.
Song intoxicates the Poet ;
He will sing it, he will show it.
He must show it, he must sing it.
Tell the fellow then to bring it !
Though he knows you can't abide it,
'Tis impossible to hide it.
I will tell, as I am bidden, —
Poems never can be hidden.

778

When first the warmer weather brought these people
all together,
And the crowds began to thicken through the Row,
I reclined against the railing on a sunny day, inhal-
ing
All the spirits that the breezes could bestow.
And the riders and the walkers and the thinkers and
the talkers
Left me lonely in the thickest of the throng,
Not a touch upon my shoulder — not a nod from one
beholder —
As the stream of Art and Nature went along.

779

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !

Through seas of inky air

Roll on !

It's true I've got no shirts to wear ;

It's true my butcher's bill is due ;

It's true my prospects all look blue —

But don't let that unsettle you !

Never *you* mind !

Roll on !

[*It rolls on.*]

780

In the big masquerade

Of pretension and pelf.

You are sure to be laid

Very soon on the shelf,

If you have the audacious candor to appear represent-
ing Yourself.

781

If wit were always radiant,

And wine were always iced,

And bores were kicked out straightway

Through a convenient gateway ;

Then down the year's long gradient

'Twere sad to be enticed,

If wit were always radiant,

And wine were always iced.

782

Bachelor's Hall ! what a quare-lookin' place it is !
Kape me from sich all the days of my life !
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is
Never at all to be gettin' a wife.

783

Is it true, then, my girl ? did you mean it —
The word spoken yesterday night ?
Does that hour seem so sweet, now between it
And this has come day's sober light ?
Have you woke from a moment of rapture
To remember, regret, and repent,
And to hate, perchance, him who has trapped your
Unthinking consent ?

784

Tell thee truth, sweet ; no.
Truth is cross and sad and cold ;
Lies are pitiful and kind,
Honey-soft as Love's own tongue :
Let me, love, lie so.
Lies are like a summer wind,
Wooing flower-buds to unfold.
Lies will last while men are young.
Tell thee truth, love ; no.

785

Her lips were so near
That — what else could I do ?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near —
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But — her lips were so near
That — what else could I do ?

786

Yet sometimes in my opera-stall
A voice will ring upon my ear,
A sudden chord will thrill thro' all
My being, and I feel a tear
Dimming my eye, a tribute paid
To those old days when Nell's head laid
And nestled on my breast.
What lies there now? a load of care,
The cambric-fronted shirt I wear,
And black embroidered vest.

787

Stolen sweets are always sweeter :
Stolen kisses much completer ;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels :
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

788

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;
Here's to the widow of fifty ;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

789

Och, girls, did you ever hear,
I wrote my love a letter?
And altho' he cannot read
Sure I thought 'twas all the better,
For why should he be puzzled
Wid hard spellin' in the matter,
When the maneing is so plaine
That I love him faithfully?

790

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in :
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

791

A practical, plain young girl ;
Not-afraid-of-the-rain young girl ;
 A poetical posy,
 A ruddy-and-rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl.
At-home-in-her-place young girl ;
A never-will-lace young girl ;
 A toiler serene,
 A life pure and clean,
A princess-of-peace young girl.

792

My love and I for kisses play'd :
 She would keep stakes — I was content ;
But when I won she would be paid ;
 This made me ask her what she meant.
“ Pray, since I see,” quoth she, “ your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.”

793

A lovely young lady I mourn in my rhymes :
She was pleasant, good-natured, and civil sometimes.
Her figure was good : she had very fine eyes,
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.
Her adorers were many, and one of them said,
“ She waltzed rather well ! it's a pity she's dead ! ”

794

No, I will not say good-by —
Not good-by, nor anything.
He is gone. . . . I wonder why
Lilacs are not sweet this spring? —
How that tiresome bird will sing!

795

Yo' kin nebber cl'ar de fores' wid a common carbin'
knife,
Nor expec' to make a liben courtin' ob yo' nabor's
wife.
Dar's no shorter road to heaben dan to do de bes' we
kin:
Dar's no surer way ob failin' dan to nebber try agin.
Yo' cayn't do a squar' day's cartin' if yo' stop yo' mule
to wait
Fur de Lawd to sen' an angel jes' to open up de gate.

796

When we want, we have for our pains
The promise that if we but wait
Till the want has burned out of our brains
Every means shall be present to state;
While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
And everything comes too late — too late!

797

Step in, pray, Sir Toby, my picture is here, —
Do you think that 'tis like? does it strike you?

Why, it does not as yet; but I fancy, my dear,
In a moment it will — 'tis so like you!

798

Now, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come
to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's
gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de
fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in
de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a
sight!

799

O strange indifference! low and high
Drownsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why,
The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!

800

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show ;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will, and that sort of thing, —
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

801

I had two friends — two glorious friends — two better
could not be,
And every night, when midnight tolls, they meet to
laugh with me.
The first was shot by Carlist thieves — ten years ago in
Spain.
The second drowned near Alicante — while I alive re-
main.

802

He that spendeth much,
And getteth nought ;
He that oweth much,
And hath nought ;
He that looketh in his purse
And findeth nought, —
He may be sorry,
And say nought.

803

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

804

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

805

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values —
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake amid the mountains,
The light of an ingenious countenance —
And what transcends them all, a noble action.

806

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

807

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unrein'd *ambition* ! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish !

808

Pride, the first peer and president of Hell.

809

There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.

810

Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again ;
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.

811

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

812

Son, think not thy money-purse bottom to burn,
But keep it for profit to serve thine own turn :
A fool and his money be soon at debate,
Which after, with sorrow, repents him too late.

813

Experience, join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

814

When the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong.

815

Who hath endur'd the whole can bear each part.

816

Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

817

Thou gentle nurse of pleasing woe,
To thee from crowds, and noise, and show,
With eager haste I fly ;
Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude,
Oh let no busy foot intrude,
Nor listening ear be nigh !

818

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day ;
Till the stars of Heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

819

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free, —
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

820

I feign not friendship where I hate ;
I fawn not on the great (in show) ;
I prize, I praise a mean estate, —
Neither too lofty nor too low :
This, this is all my choice, my cheer, —
A mind content, a conscience clear.

